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# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 333.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.]

## THE QUINCY MANSION.

It would be rather surprising to find a person who had not heard of Quincy, since bits of the town have for a half-century at least been distributed from one end of the Union to the other. It was only the other day that a shaft of its granite obtained a

of Yorktown, should ever mingle under one flag and one country. This is what the commemoration of historic events has brought about. Through the spontaneous outbursts of patriotism, more good has been accomplished in a day, I might almost say in an

sive, and enduring. A solid man of Boston is by no means a petrification. Ask Ireland, Crete, France, or, to come nearer, Portland, Chicago, New Orleans, if he has not a heart.

Besides its granite, which the reader will,



QUINCY MANSION, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

broad and happier significance, when on Bunker Hill the representatives of several Southern States grasped the proffered hands of men of New England in sincere amity, and confessed, as men gathered about an altar, that the blood of Bunker Hill, of Eutaw, and

hour, than statesmanship with its wisdom could have secured in years. After this who shall say that history is not a power?

Granite may be, as some affirm, typical of New England character, hard, inflexible, and insusceptible to polish; but it is strong, mas-

perhaps, wonder could lead any man into a train of speculative philosophy, where else but in Quincy can you find the houses of two Presidents of the United States?

Readers of the JOURNAL have hitherto followed my rambling up and down this quiet

and restful old town.\* We have been admitted within the sacred precincts of more than one historic mansion, have held mystical converse with their departed inhabitants, and have, in turning away, mused on the lessons of their lives. There is much in these associations which, if we are not quite able to analyze, we yet feel the full force of. Stupid people may laugh, if they please, and accuse us of a sickly sentimentality, but we feel that it is good for us to cultivate a sentiment that leads us to honor the memory of the great and good who have lived before us.

Close by the sea, where you can scent its full flavor and inhale its invigorating gales, is the ancient Quincy Mansion—less antique, perhaps, than other roofs scattered about the town, but a good specimen of colonial architecture a hundred years ago. It is placed on a gentle swell of ground at the extremity of the noblest private estate in New England. Its five hundred broad acres of meadow and woodland give the idea that you have suddenly dropped into an English park come down since the Conquest by entail. A broad and leafy avenue a quarter of a mile long leads from the high-road to the mansion. There are delicious glimpses of the sea, of Boston Harbor and its islands, and of the countless white sails continually winging their way into port.

The house was built in 1770, by Colonel Josiah Quincy, of Braintree,† on ground purchased of the local Indian sagamore, as early as 1635, by Edmund Quincy, of England. The estate has ever since remained unalienated.

When I happened to be rambling in the neighborhood, I found hospitable welcome at the old mansion from the daughters of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College. In four successive generations a son has borne the name of Josiah, and, as two of the Quincys were mayors of Boston, while all of them have been more or less distinguished in political life, the patronymic becomes a little perplexing. Beyond question, there may be, to a genealogist at least, many good arguments against the continued use of the same Christian name by a family.

When I was fairly within the house, which is furnished as houses were furnished a century ago—where antique-dressed portraits looked down from the walls, and where sedan-chairs in cool corridors invited to postprandial naps—I felt that modern life had little right to intrude itself into such a place. Every visitor, I would suggest, should be required to don a powdered periwig, laced coat, and silk stockings, in order that the prevailing idea may not be disturbed. The fragrance of the old life and manners still lingered about those wainscoted apartments, and a half-hour's visit converted the imaginary into the real.

How quaint are those entries in John Adams's diary: "Drank tea at Grandfather Quincy's," or, "Spent the evening at Colonel Quincy's with Colonel Lincoln!" The men

talked politics, and the ladies talked about the fashions by the last London packet. Both the Adamases, father and son, frequented this house. Here Hull after destroying the *Guerrière*, and here Decatur, were entertained.

The four Quincys who bore the name of Josiah should not be confounded the one with the other. Colonel Josiah Quincy, who built this house, and occupied it during Washington's investment of Boston, is easily identified by his military title. He used to ride to camp with projects to drive the British fleet to sea or sink it to the bottom of the harbor. He scratched on the window-pane with a diamond the date when that fleet finally stood out of the bay under a press of sail, while the Continental drums were beating "Yankee Doodle" in Boston streets. The grim satisfaction with which the old colonel watched the enemy's ships was dashed with bitterness: for one son was an exiled royalist, and of course his father's political enemy. The name of this son, however, was Samuel, and not Josiah.

Colonel Quincy had another son, the Josiah Quincy, Jr., of the early Revolutionary period, whose memoirs, first written by his son Josiah, have lately been revised by his granddaughter, Eliza Susan Quincy, in a manner every way worthy the subject. Josiah Quincy, Jr., as he is still styled, from having died in the lifetime of his father, had a great mind imprisoned in a feeble body. He was admitted to the bar in 1766, when bar-metings were held in the coffee-houses, and the barristers took punch or flip while questioning a candidate. It provokes a smile to note how John Adams groans in spirit at the admission of Quincy and other young men into a profession he then thought to be overcrowded.

Young Quincy espoused the patriot cause with the zeal of an ardent spirit and the eloquence of an orator by birth. His voice rang through the aisles of the Old South Meeting-house, which the land-speculators want to pull down and the nation wishes to keep untouched. In 1774 Mr. Quincy was in London, and wrote to his friend Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia: "My heart is with you, and, wherever my countrymen command, my person shall be also." While in London, Josiah Quincy, Jr., with his friend Franklin, had the honor of being distinguished by the censure of Lord Hillsborough, who said in the House of Lords that there were three men walking in the streets of London who ought to be in Newgate or Tyburn. While returning from England the gifted and patriotic Quincy died within sight of his native shores. Mrs. Sigourney dedicated some impassioned lines to his memory.

Nothing is easier than to write the biography of the third Josiah Quincy. Wherever you walk in Boston you are certain to meet with evidences of the breadth and genius of his enterprises, and the vigor of his execution of them. The Quincy Market-house and the long ranges of granite warehouses standing on land that he reclaimed from the filthy basins into which the tide had flowed, are among his monuments; and he deserves unstinted praise, the more, for having met and overcome the full power of that *vis inertia* for

which the Boston of his day was remarkable. Mr. Cotting and Mr. Quincy prostrated old-fogydom with the magical word "Progress."

Mr. Quincy was a representative in Congress during the exciting sessions of the War of 1812. He was, as his constituents expected, a strong anti-war man, and made some pretty incisive speeches against Mr. Madison's war policy. A man of his pronounced character very soon exasperated the fire-eating portion of the lower chamber, and it is said he once narrowly missed having a duel on his hands. He became the subject of party caricature, and was openly denounced as a British partisan.

After serving as the second Mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy became, in 1829, President of Harvard University. In executive ability, and in the short, sharp, and decisive method of dealing with questions perplexing or difficult, there could scarcely be a greater contrast than between Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, his successor. If a trifle despotic, the former was able to control elements of discord which overwhelmed the latter. If the students found a master in Mr. Quincy, the college also found a benefactor. He never touched any thing upon which he did not leave a permanent record of himself. Gore Hall, the beautiful depository of the library, was his work.

The fourth Josiah Quincy, who is now living, also became Mayor of Boston. It was during his incumbency that the Cochituate water replaced the irregular and insufficient supplies from the Jamaica-Pond Aqueduct or the old town-pumps or wells. At the age of seventy-three Mr. Quincy still takes an active interest in whatever affects the prosperity of Boston. Another son of President Quincy, Edmund, is widely known as a political and miscellaneous author. His memoir of his father is a fitting supplement to the work mentioned, as written by that father in memory of a parent. Miss E. S. Quincy, sister of Edmund, is also an authoress, having, in addition to the revision of the memoir of her grandfather, assisted her father in his compilation of the valuable "History of Harvard University," and in 1861 prepared, for private distribution, the memoir of her mother—a most interesting book of personal reminiscence. A nephew of President Quincy performed a soldier's part in the Civil War of 1861, and has of late been usefully associated with the government of his native city.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

## A MASTER-STROKE OF BUSINESS.

V.

THE lobbies, corridors, and verandas of the West End had become suddenly an excited stock-market. The men of the street crowded each other in every nook, discussing the sudden jump in stocks and the great corner in North Atlantic. Sharp voices were raised in the discussion in tones more like anger than business, but there were no physical encounters more serious than that of rib

\* See JOURNALS of April 23, and September 26, 1874.

† Braintree was the ancient name of Quincy. It was incorporated under its present name in honor of the Quincy family, 1792.

and elbow as the excited crowd worked in and out. The click of the telegraph-instrument was heard continually in one corner, and the crowd, choosing this as the scene of greatest interest, encroached upon the table and leaned over the operator. A book-stand adjoining had also been appropriated, and the men of the street had ensconced themselves behind it among magazines, and dime-novels, and unsold dailies. Above the telegraph-operator was a bulletin-board, on which the stock quotations, forwarded by the telegraphic stock-indicator, were written from time to time by the operator's messenger-boy—a proceeding that was always marked by a profound silence in the crowd as the figures began, and by an unwontedly noisy discussion as they closed. Along that portion of the veranda near the main hall, or office, equally excited crowds were gathered, and quiet agitations were even in progress on the grassy plots and graveled walks in front.

Esmond had strolled several times around the veranda before he had become aware of the excited state of the crowd. His own romantic thoughts had been unreasonably busy amid this Babel-mart. He was trying to take a loyal sense of pleasure in the weird picture which he had drawn of his unknown Nora, and it was with a feeling half of resentment that he found his thoughts intent rather upon Nelly. It seemed a sacrilegious invasion of the rights of romance that Nora should not occupy the sole thought of his heart. Do not think, gentle reader, that Mr. Drury's tenderness was of an exaggerated kind. The world will always cling to those who owe it gratitude. There arises a vague sense of being a grand hero in the eyes of one whom we have saved from imminent peril which average human nature will not complacently forego, and the love outgrowing from so romantic a beginning seems removed to a higher and more delicious plane than that of more commonplace origin. To replace his romantic passion for the unknown by a plain matter-of-fact love for another, about which elung none of the glamour of this grateful worship, seemed likely to be the fate of even so romantic a lover as Esmond, and it was therefore with a feeling partly of regret and partly of resentment that he found his heart tending so prosaically to thoughts of some one else than his phantom Nora.

With these thoughts occupying his mind the discussions on the veranda had but little interest for him. He met one or two friends who began the jargon of the Stock Exchange, but he had been born with an antipathy for that language, and he avoided long conversation with them. The crowd increased so steadily that it became plain to him at last that some sensation had occurred in the market, but, when the desultory conversation of those about him revealed that it was a corner in North Atlantic, he was content to inquire no further. There were knots of ladies assembled here and there on the piazzas in front of the ladies' parlors, but there were few men with them, business proving stronger than gallantry. The band was playing very sweetly at an open window, and a few young girls were whirling one another around

in the listless circles of the waltz on the ball-room floor, and several elderly ladies sat rigidly against the wall, like silent venders of the ware they exhibited on the carpet.

Esmond strolled along the veranda leisurely, hoping to see the Misses Darcy, but he saw them not in the few promenaders whom he met, and it was not until he had reached a far corner of the piazza, where the great mass seldom strayed, and where the noise of the stock contention had not reached, that he found them. The cavaliers had deserted even them for the stirring strife about the bulletin-board, and they sat alone, with their India shawls about them, in the shadow of one of the huge columns of the veranda.

"Here is Mr. Drury!" cried Mamie, as he emerged from the numerous shadows of the piazza, and the broad moonlight just rising beyond the sea struck full on his face. And the impulsive girl sprang from her camp-chair, and, rushing to him, grasped him by the hand with a remarkably unfashionable heartiness that for a moment startled Esmond. "Here are Nelly and I," she said, "without an escort—completely deserted for the more fascinating stocks, and your apparition is a vision of joy."

"Can it be possible that watering-place beaux are so dull?" he said, lightly.

"Watering-place beaux that are in stocks," replied Mamie, leading him to the little circle of camp-chairs that surrounded Nelly, "are beasts."

"Bulls and bears," said Esmond, laughingly, as he bowed to Miss Darcy, and took a seat. "And they are very rampant just now in the lobby."

"Are they speculating even here?" asked Nelly, anxiously, with a glance toward Mamie.

"Yes, even here, where it is popularly supposed they came for pleasure," replied Esmond. "I am convinced that pleasure for some men is a myth."

"I know it is for papa," said Nelly. "He cannot enjoy himself in any other way than by discussing stocks, even after he gets home from that horrid stock-exchange."

"That is what you would call being literally in stocks."

"Yes," said Mamie, "and I think papa's stocks are as severe a punishment as the stocks down in Delaware."

"When we consider the matter," said Esmond, philosophically, "shop and shop-talk are naturally more engaging to a true business-man than any ordinary subjects. Household matters are to him unknown, and dress, and balls, and parties, and operas, do not interest him."

"Mamie," said Nelly, slyly, "I think Mr. Drury ought to know our friend Mr. Roseblossom."

Mamie responded with a hearty laugh.

"Yes," she said, "you should know him by all means, Mr. Drury. He is my especial beau, 'special beau for all of us, in fact. He can talk of matters that are near and dear to our hearts, and he's a thorough business-man, too—the most delightful shop-walker you ever saw!"

Esmond had to join in the hearty laugh that accompanied this sketch.

"He knows everybody and can tell all about them," continued Mamie, "what they were and who they are, how long since their mother retired from the grocery business, and when their father failed in stocks, and which of their brothers is fast, and how many of the young ladies of the family eloped to get married. Oh, he's a treasure! I advise you, if you want to find out who anybody is, inquire of Mr. Roseblossom."

"Really, he's a very valuable acquaintance," replied Esmond, dryly. "I suppose I'll have to inquire of him who my unknown Nora is?"

A sudden silence fell on the gleeful sisters, and Mamie nervously twitched her chair nearer to Nelly's.

"Don't you know who your unknown Nora is?" asked Mamie, presently, in a voice that sounded slightly tremulous even to Esmond's uncritical ears.

"I haven't the remotest idea," he said, carelessly, "except that she's short and dark—and is called Nora."

"Short?" said Mamie, in such unmistakable astonishment that Esmond turned his head sharply in her direction.

"Yes," said he, "short, *petite* rather, and dark!"

"*Petite* and dark!" echoed Mamie, with continued astonishment. "Why, that is not the Nora that I know!"

"Ah, then you know a Nora?" said Esmond, eagerly—"a Nora, probably, that may prove to be my Nora? Come, tell me of her!"

The impulsive Mamie was upon the point of bursting upon Esmond with a flood of gratitude, and telling him all. But a sharp pressure of the hand of the cooler Nelly restrained her. A strong sense of propriety urged both the young ladies to preserve the secret from Esmond. His frequently expressed interest in the unknown whom he had rescued, his hearty expression of a hope to meet her again and to pursue the acquaintance, the very fact that he had seen Nelly and not recognized her as the heroine of his romance, and, more than all, the perturbing intimations of their father as to Mr. Drury's eligibility, all combined to impress upon them the impropriety of admitting now Nelly's identity with Nora. Mamie's impulsive temperament and hearty sense of gratitude toward Esmond had almost carried her beyond these barriers, and the pressure of Nelly's hand came just in time. But she had hesitated, and Esmond was convinced that she knew something of his Nora.

"Tell me of your Nora," he repeated, turning about on his camp-stool to question more closely the faces of the two girls. Those faces had become flushed and pale by turns in the short interval of his quick questioning, but the cold, grayish light of the moon just tipping the distant breakers gave him no sign. "Is it not my Nora?"

Mamie coughed.

"I almost think it is," she said.

"Then tell me who she is!"

"I must really find out first if it is the same person."

"But surely there can be no mistake. Noras are not rescued from drowning in vast numbers every day, nor are they so plentiful



that you are likely to have a great number of them among your acquaintances. If you know a Nora who was in bathing to-day and lost her presence of mind, and allowed herself to be towed ashore by a very enthusiastic young man, I am convinced that is my Nora."

"But my Nora," said Mamie, "does not answer your description at all. She is taller than I am, and I am not *petite* by any means, and she is rather fair, and has brownish hair, and so she does not answer to your description at all, you see."

"That's very strange," said Esmond, musingly. "And did she pass through the same adventure that my *petite* Nora did?"

"The very same!"

"And to-day? The same day?"

"This very day."

"Don't you think it very strange? A most wonderful coincidence, it seems to me. Will you point out your Nora to me some time?"

"Some time I may."

"I must rest content with that."

#### VI.

At this moment a little man, dress-coated and gloved, carrying his hat in his hand and disclosing a very bald head, presented himself as suddenly as a harlequin in the midst of the party, and greeted with the utmost effusion everybody present by name, including Esmond, who was positive he had never seen the gentleman before. This was Mr. Roseblossom, the universal scandal encyclopedia of the summer resorts, who knew the *personnel* and history of everybody who was anybody, although he was entitled to shake few of them by the hand—and of whom Nelly had just spoken. He plunged at once into a descriptive list of fashionables, not at Long Branch alone, but at Newport and Saratoga, with such avidity, directing his remarks especially at Mamie, that Esmond felt a sentiment of high dudgeon. He coolly excused himself for interrupting the gentleman in the midst of his list, and asked Miss Nelly if she would not like a stroll around the verandas, and, leaving the unselfish Mamie to bear the brunt of the gossip's companionship, he drew Nelly's arm beneath his own and leisurely began the promenade of the broad veranda. The waltzers were still whirling their tireless round, and the venders sleeplessly pinned their heads to the wall, but the miniature stock-exchange, which had confined its limits to the lobby and the veranda immediately fronting it, had overflowed, and leaning against the veranda columns in both directions, and even sitting in the windows of the ballroom, were knots of men excitedly discussing the corner in North Atlantic.

"See how business-men pursue pleasure," said Esmond. "In ages to come, when New York shall have become old and rich and leisurely, we will probably have a watering-place where people will go for rest."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said Eleanor. "A watering-place, too, where women will not dance away the summer nights in the heated light of ballrooms as they do here."

"True," said Esmond. "Why, by-the-way,

should we take pleasure in such peppery doses? I mean, why is excitement pleasure to us? Fishing on a sleepy lake is the true model of pleasure. Some such quiet, lazy method of passing time is my ideal of a true existence."

"I fear Long Branch is the worst place you could have come to to put your system into practice."

"If the stock-exchange is to be transferred here, I shall fear so, too. Why, for a sensation, Miss Darcy, just hear the kind of talk which entertains these men, and by men, you must understand, I mean the grand old definition—one made in God's own image."

"North Atlantic's rising so high," said a gray-haired gentleman, leaning against a column, to a knot of younger ones eagerly gathered about him, "that there's bound to be a smash among the operators. The corner was devilish well conceived."

"South Minnie's rising, too, you know."

"T'leder-Wab'sch, and 'Laukee-Sinpaal are all running up same way."

"How earnest they are!" said Esmond.

"What object is there in life to them at the present moment except stocks! Do you remember, Miss Darcy, the story of that broker Meyer, who bought gold during the Black Friday corner at 150 and 160 and 62 and 64, steadily paying the rising price and loading himself with liabilities, in the confident assurance that the corner was sound, and that the manipulators would run all the gold in Wall Street, and could ask any price for it—do you remember it?"

"Yes," said Nelly, nervously, "I remember it. I think I remember all the great stock transactions, for they were all father could discuss when he came home."

"Yes? Well, the most dramatic picture that I have ever seen or read of was the sudden fall of that man. The government suddenly sold gold to break the corner, and it fell, like a house of cards, from 64 to 38, and the fall crazed that broker's brain. He stood in the gold-room, long after the rest had accepted their losses, and shrieked out '164,' for the gold that was now at 138, and kept shrieking it out as if in defiance of Fate until the gold-brokers turned away sick at the scene, or remained only to laugh at his mad antics. There was a lesson in that scene—"

Drury's own name, mentioned in a group near, attracted the attention of both of them.

"Drury made a deuced big haul on North Atlantic."

"Oh, he's running the corner."

"Yes, him and Capsheaf."

"I observe," said Esmond, "that my honored father has been exercising his business talent in the general display—making some less fortunate operator suffer, no doubt."

"This is almost painful to me," said Nelly. "Let us go."

"It sounds very puerile and hollow," said Esmond, huskily. "Strange, is it not, Miss Darcy, that Nature goes on her way complacently, while the affairs of men are in such a crisis? The moon dances on the water there, the waves lap the shore, and murmur their unceasing hymn, all the same, unmoved, while pitiful man, whose whole sum

of life could be sponged forever off the slate by one of that great ocean's bubbles, stands here excited and desperate over a rise of one per cent. on his favorite stock! Come, let us drop the 'shop,' and talk of nobler things."

He glanced downward into his companion's face. It was pale, and there was an anxious expression about it, for which he could not account. She looked up at him quietly, however, and said, in low tones, "I am listening."

"Do you notice," said he, softly, "what a magnificent effect these tall columns of the veranda produce? Look at them now with the moonlight beyond. They remind one of some of the long corridors in the old Alhambra—"

A voice in a group near them said:

"I'm told Darcy has lost to Drury like the devil."

Nelly instinctively grasped Esmond's arm and halted.

"See," said Esmond, without a change of tone, quietly drawing her forward as he spoke, "how effective is the long vista with its black shadows and its silver streaks, and the interminable stretch of dancing blue and gold beyond—"

"And I hear," said another voice in the group, "that he's trying desperately to hedge to-night. He's been offering 95 for 30,000 of North Atlantic."

Then the group laughed.

In a larger group, gathered on the grassy plot at the corner of the veranda where the promenaders now were, a sudden commotion ensued. A hand filled with papers was raised above the heads of the others, and a thin, shrill, excited voice, the sound of which made Nelly cower, shrieked out:

"I'll give 95 for 30,000 of North Atlantic—95, who'll take it?"

And that group laughed.

As Esmond felt the shiver that agitated Nelly Darcy's frame, and felt her grasp tighten and her weight increase upon his arm, and saw her head droop and presently rest unconscious against his breast, he put his arm about her waist, and quietly drew her to one of the many vacant chairs that were scattered all over the veranda.

"Courage, Miss Darcy!" he whispered. "Take courage; all is well."

As he murmured these words in her ear, he felt within himself again that sudden glow of love for helpless beauty that had so strongly assailed him when the drowning Nora clung to him for help.

Mamie sat with her gossiping companion but a few yards away. Esmond beckoned to her, as he caught her glance turned in his direction, and she hurried toward him without even excusing herself to her companion, who was just at that moment telling, with the deepest interest, how Miss Mackintosh had dressed herself for the great ball at Saratoga—all in diamonds, and her father had suspended that very day.

"It is merely a faint," said Esmond, as he pointed to Nelly. "The crowd was oppressive. I will go for water."

As he turned away, he heard the voice of Nelly returning to consciousness:



"It's nothing, dear."

Then he heard a low, startled wail as Mame sank upon her knees at Nelly's chair:

"Nora, dear Nora, what is it?"

Esmond stopped for an instant. Then he strode along again, half bewildered, but with his head in the clouds. The same voice, the same words, the same name, that he had heard appealing from the sea.

## VII.

THE miniature stock-exchange was still at its busy height as he passed into the lobby. He sent a hall-boy with a glass of water to the two young ladies on the front-piazza, rightly deeming that it was best to relieve them of his presence for at least a moment. He met one of his stock-broking friends near the clerk's desk—one whom he had found a consummate bore two days before, with his eternal Erie, Northern Kamchatka, Central Europa, and other shuttlecocks of the mart. But now an unaccountable elation animated Esmond, and he glowed with an effusive feeling of affection and kindness toward all mankind. And in that spirit of brotherly tenderness his eye brightened with delight even at seeing the bore.

"Well, Sharpless," he said, "you are having a lively session here."

"Yes. What are your private advices to-night?"

"Mine? Haven't any! Haven't got a single stock on the list."

"The devil you haven't!" replied young Sharpless. Then suddenly he assumed the jocular, confidential air, and, running his cane into Esmond's button-hole, half whispered, "Should think the old man might 'a' put you up to a thing or two!"

"The old man!" said Esmond, blankly.

"Ye-es! Your governor, you know. Damme, he knows the market for two weeks to come."

"Oh! my governor. Yes. I understand."

"He got on to old Darcy hard, eh? buying them thirty-odd thousand of N. A. from him at 93%, when everybody thought they were going to the devil in the general smash. Hefty, that, don't you think so?"

"Well, how did they go?" asked Esmond, blandly.

Sharpless opened his eyes.

"Why, don't you know? It's an everyday matter with your old man, I presume?"

"Positively I haven't cared for business much since I came here, and—"

"Well, they run up two and a half this afternoon, and kept a-running long after closing-hours. Old Capsheaf—the president, you know—they say he mortgaged every cent he's got and put it into the road, and sent word that he'd bust before N. A. should, and up it went. And that's the way your dad cleans Darcy out. What I call getting on his head with both feet, don't you?"

"Twas rather a lucky stroke of business," said Esmond.

"Lucky! Yes, devilish lucky, that was! I'd like to ha' been in the corner that worked that piece of luck; that's all—don't you think so?"

Esmond laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I wouldn't have to wear my traveling-duster for an overcoat next winter if I'd had my nip at that little game, you can bet! But come, now," he said, suddenly, putting his mouth close to Esmond's ear, "what points have you got? Capsheaf and your dad are hand-and-glove in the corner, and you must have heard how N. A. is going to-morrow."

"No, sir," said Esmond, quite coolly. "I have not heard, and have no points."

He quietly shook himself free of the grasp of Sharpless, and walked away. Behind the office-desk stood his inert friend of the afternoon, who was listlessly looking at the busy crowd, while two young men were pouring into his seemingly-inattentive ears some marvelous story of stocks. He never changed his position as Drury advanced. A slight glance, cast somewhat contemptuously upon the rebellious guest of a few hours before, was the only sign of recognition which Drury caught.

"Has my trunk arrived?" asked Esmond.

The figure turned an abstracted gaze upon the questioner.

"Has my trunk arrived?"

"Name?"

"Drury."

The figure seemed suddenly endowed with remarkable animation. It looked up quickly at the tall form of the young man, and then glanced sharply at the two others who had been entertaining him.

"Your trunk," he said, quite briskly.

"Let me see—wherefrom?"

"From Sandy Hook. I sent it there inadvertently this afternoon."

"Yes, yes! I remember. See in a moment." He touched a hand-bell near him. "Rather lively in the stock-market to-day, Mr. Drury," he said, during the interval before the hall-boy's arrival.

Esmond silently bowed.

"Ask the porter if Mr. Drury's trunk has arrived from Sandy Hook."

The hall-boy was off.

"North Atlantic went up pretty rapidly to-day, Mr. Drury."

Esmond arched his eyebrows, and said nothing.

"I'm told," said the inert clerk, leaning far over the desk, and gently feeling the texture of Esmond's coat—"I'm told that Darcy has lost heavily on N. A."

The porter arrived as the remark ended.

"Mr. Drury's trunk come?" inquired the clerk, with a show of despair at being interrupted.

"No, sir."

"Can it possibly arrive to-night?" asked Esmond, sharply.

"Yes, sir, on the 9.30 express."

"Then I want it placed in my room the moment it comes."

"That will be all right, Mr. Drury," said the clerk.—"Be sure and see to that, porter."

Then Esmond walked away. As he passed a window, looking from the office on to the veranda, he could see the clerk and his two friends bending their heads closely together over the counter again. Their eyes were greedily following him.

"They, too, have heard how Drury has

warmed Darcy on N. A.," thought Drury, bitterly. "To be in old Capsheaf's confidence, and bet heavily on a certainty, is quite an assurance of fame, I see!"

He stepped round to where he had left the Misses Darcy, but they were gone.

The trunk did arrive on the 9.30 express, and was placed in Mr. Drury's room with marvelous dispatch.

Esmond searched through its contents until he came upon an old letter, with its creases soiled and partly torn and the envelope cracked and broken at every corner. He took out the letter, lit a cigar, and sat by the open window under the gas-light, and re-read it:

"NEW YORK, December 25, 187-.

"MY DEAR BOY: I observe that your travels are greatly improving you. Habits of correctly observing human nature are plainly developing in your temperament, and I am excessively glad that it is so. Books are as nothing to the science of man. You cannot make yourself a just man nor a learned one until you have tried and studied your fellow-men. You know how anxious I am that you should be trained in the right path. I want you to have experience. I am willing that you should pay for it in the only way that experience can be bought—by personal inconveniences, if necessary—and I am doubly willing to pay the money prices that usually accompany the personal inconveniences. To-day is Christmas, and the exhortations to justice, integrity, upright dealings, and charity, which I might urge upon you here, will, I believe, be strongly suggested by the associations of the day. I hope and pray, my boy, that you will be known as the honest, upright gentleman, the true Christian, and the kindly brother in a brotherhood of man."

"As to your choice of business, I do not propose to bind you at all, as you well know. I would like you to follow my own avocation, and confess that I hope to perpetuate the house of Drury in my son and yours. If you find your inclinations running in a business vain, try your hand. If you lose, that is the experience which is not too dearly purchased. If you gain, I shall be glad mainly over an evidence of your business capacity. I feel sure, however, that your mind runs rather to the æsthetic than the practical. You are more of a poet and a dreamer than a 'speculator' or an 'operator,' and I am content. But I must confess that I should very dearly like to hear in your travels that you had transacted some purely business affair—something that might stamp you at once as a practical worker in the world's harvest—some master-stroke of business!"

"I write these lines as a guidance to you in your coming contact with the world. Whether you follow them or reject them, you will always be the one cherished object of affection in this world to

"Your devoted father,

"HENRY J. DRURY."

## VIII.

ESMOND had read this letter over often enough to know it by heart, but recent de-

velopments had suggested a new philosophy concerning it. "This is the upright man of business," thought he, "who has just driven Mr. Darcy to such desperate straits by his railroad corner. He who writes thus has bought a heavy load of stocks, at a price which he alone has reason to know is almost robbery, from a friend, and even while he exhorts me to integrity, and just dealing, and especially to charity, he urges me with all the force that so good a father's simple request should always have, to try and prove a practical worker in the world's harvest such as he reaps, and accomplish a master-stroke of business—such as a corner, I suppose, in North Atlantic!"

Esmond's cigar was out. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Occasionally, on the veranda below, he could hear the murmurings of the busy sea of speculation. He put on his hat, turned down his gas-light, and opened his door. His ear caught the sound of voices in low and earnest conversation in the corridor. He heard his name mentioned, and stepped back.

"You may swear young Drury is posted here to watch the market," said one, "and the stock, I can swear, will go down to-morrow."

"But if he's got the point that it's going down, why didn't he sell to Darcy?"

"He couldn't do it openly. His father holds the stocks heavily, and the first sale he makes will set all the operators on the jump. And, you understand, we must jump first."

"He was devilish innocent when I talked with him a while ago. Sort o' bridled up when I called him dad governor."

"Then you may swear to what I tell you," said the other, fiercely. "That's one of his deep moves. He's here to sell out, and the instant he makes a move we've got to unload in a hurry."

"He won't talk—"

"Hang it!" responded the other, savagely. "You know him. Go to him at once and sound him. Get him drunk if you must, but get his points."

Then the two walked away. Esmond could see their backs as they traversed the long corridor. He knew that one of them was Sharpless.

"This is a conspiracy," said Esmond to himself. "I wonder if I could not charitably transact a master-stroke of business with these knavish friends of mine?"

He descended the stairs to the hall. The miniature stock-exchange was still raging. Two men watched anxiously at the clerk's desk, one of whom was Sharpless. They saw him, and came briskly toward him. Mr. Darcy stood alone in the wide doorway, looking wildly about for a speculator who would give him the chance to recover the losses of the day. Esmond avoided Sharpless and his friend, and accosted Mr. Darcy. The latter grasped him warmly by the hand.

"It's been a warm night," said the elder, spasmodically.

Esmond thought it had been quite chilly, but he said, quietly, "Yes."

Then he took Darcy's arm, and asked a moment's conversation with him. As they walked through the crowd Esmond said, in a

voice seemingly intended for Darcy's ear alone, but which reached the shrewd ears of Sharpless and his co-conspirator as they lingered near:

"I heard you offering 95 for N. A. just now."

"Yes," replied Darcy.

"Would you still give it?"

Sharpless and his confederate were following them up closely. Mr. Darcy became suddenly suspicious. The stocks must have already fallen, he thought, or why should Drury's son be making such a proposition as this?

"Still give it?" he echoed, with a view to save time.

"Yes," said Drury, as Sharpless and his friend almost stumbled over him. "I'd like to let you have 5,000 at that rate."

Darcy hesitated.

"Or," said Drury, as Sharpless and his friend began a disinterested conversation on the last opera, near them, "between me and you, I would be willing to let them go at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$ ."

Sharpless and his friend disappeared hurriedly in the crowd, leaving the last opera undissected.

"I think the stock is going down to-night," said Darcy.

"It's not going any lower than I've offered," responded Drury, quietly.

"You have advices?"

Drury smiled meaningly, and Darcy's suspicions were aroused in the other direction. Young Drury might have had instructions to "bear" the stock now in order to "bull" it hereafter. If he only knew just how much this young man was in the confidence of his father!

"I guess I'll take your 5,000 at  $\frac{7}{8}$ ," said he, slowly.

Drury bowed, and the two entered the transaction on their note-books.

Then Drury bade the other good-night, and went to his room. From the window overlooking the veranda he heard, before midnight, many whispered negotiations by which "N. A." was disposed of at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$ , and he recognized Darcy's tones in more than one of them. If that eminent stockholder had not covered his losses during the night, it was not because of lack of charity on Esmond's part in his first "master-stroke of business."

The early birds of business had flown to the great dove-cote long before Esmond reached the breakfast-table. The morning papers contained full reports of the terrible crisis in the stock-market, and it behooved gentlemen interested in that species of commodity to be early at their posts. It was a rather enigmatical proceeding to the inert clerk, who kept flashing his eyes and his diamonds momentarily on Esmond, that the son of the banker was not away with the rest. But Esmond had thrust the whole business from his shoulders with the following letter, which left to the firm of Henry J. Drury the closing of his transaction with Mr. Manton Darcy.

"WEST END, August —.

"DEAR FATHER: I think I have made the master-stroke of business to which you ex-

hort me. Last night I sold 5,000 of North Atlantic to Manton Darcy at 94 $\frac{7}{8}$ , for which please settle. Yours lovingly,

"ESMOND."

#### IX.

THE long morning passed wearily as mornings at a great sea-shore resort, where all the men run away to the city every day, usually do, Esmond taking little delight in any thing but his own thoughts. As the afternoon began to wear away, however, he studied with unusual interest the telegraph stock-indicator. All was still excitement and turmoil in North Atlantic, and for a moment a flurry downward seemed to have seized on the stock. Then it recuperated again and reached 98.

"Hardly enough for Darcy to make his losses good," muttered Esmond. "It would be rather disastrous if my master-stroke of business had ruined the firm of Drury, and Darcy, too."

He walked away with a somewhat nervous sensation toward the beach. He tried to shake off his nervousness by a persistent thinking of Miss Nelly Darcy, and of the remarkable revelation of another Nora, unlike his original, who had undergone the same experience as his own heroine on the same day. As his thoughts were thus engaged, he found himself upon the beach near the summer-house in which he had first viewed the trim figures that took their way so deftly to the bath, which had nearly proved fatal to them. Seated therein, and gazing listlessly toward the sea, were the Misses Darcy. They were somewhat startled at his approach, but smiled upon him and made room for him between them.

"I did not mean to disturb you, ladies," said he, easily. "I only meant to inquire after Miss Darcy's health."

"You must have thought me very weak," replied Nelly, "but I was very unhappy last night."

"Let me act the prophet," said he, "and assure you that you will be much happier to-night."

"So I have been assured by Mamie, but I fear neither of you are so infallible as the prophets of old."

"At any rate, keep courage," he said. "I will be able to prove my infallibility before the afternoon is over. But, by-the-way, do you know that it was in this very summer-house that I first saw you young ladies yesterday?"

"Here?"

"Yes, and I believe I came very near discovering that you had done something which you should not have done."

The young ladies looked inquiringly at one another, and then laughed.

"Why, what do you mean?" said they.

"As you came up the wooden steps from the beach, and passed by me, I was ruminating on general affairs, when these words, or words of similar effect, reached my ears: 'What would papa think?' said one, and 'We must not tell him,' said the other—so you see how near you were to detection."

"And what else?"

"One of you said, 'O Eleanor, it's too

terrible!" and then I thought that it was a very serious matter, and closed my ears."

"Well, it was very considerate in you, Mr. Drury," said Nelly.

"And we really ought to make confession to him for his kindness," said Mamie.

"First," said Nelly, "I think we ought to catechise him on a very important matter."

"I will submit to any catechising," said Esmond, "for such a reward."

"Then please to inform us how you discovered that Miss Nora whom you saved from drowning is *petite* and dark?"

"Upon my word," said Esmond, laughing, "the aptness of the question to the subject in hand is startling."

"Never mind. Answer it."

"Well, I saw her walking to and from the water—"

"In her bathing-suit?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she would have looked taller in a long dress?"

"Since I think of it," said Esmond, still laughing, "she undoubtedly would."

"There, that point is settled," responded Nelly. "Now, you say she was dark and had dark hair?"

"Yes, it seemed so. I only saw it in the water."

"Do you think that it might have proved lighter if it had been entirely dry?"

"That seems true enough, but—"

"One moment. Do you remember what you said to Nora when you reached her?"

"I think I said, 'Courage, bear up,' etc.—the usual thing."

"You said these words, Mr. Drury," said Nelly, with a slight show of emotion, "and I think I will never forget them, 'Courage,' you said, 'the sea is buoyant. Only your own fear drags you down. Keep your arms down, and let me lead you to safety!'"

"Can it be?" said Esmond, suddenly starting from his seat. "Nelly—Eleanor—the name is so different."

"It *can* be, Mr. Drury," said Mamie, "and it is. The terrible thing that we dared not tell papa was, that we had been in dreadful danger of drowning, and this is the Nora whom you rescued!"

"The Nora," said Esmond, half bewildered, "my Nora?"

"I call her Nora—when I'm very serious—short for Eleanor," curtly replied Mamie.

"Sorry for the disappointment, Mr. Drury," said Nelly, smiling. "Your heroine of romance is not what your fancy painted her, but I cannot forego the right of expressing my gratitude, merely through a regard for a poetic fancy of yours."

"Fancy painted well, but reality has outdone her," said Esmond, rapturously. "I am entranced, bewildered, overjoyed. Why, there was a dim notion of this in my sluggish brain last night, when I heard Mamie's cry of distress, 'Nora, dear Nora!' as I had heard it before."

As they walked together to the hotel, a colored boy saluted them, and gave Esmond a telegram, which he read aside.

"Now, I claim the infallibility of the

prophet of old," he said. "Your father bought back his losses last night. Read that." It read as follows:

"ESMOND DRURY,

"West-End Hotel, Long Branch.

"Your master-stroke was a failure. N. A. has gone to 99½, and rising. Try again.

"H. J. DRURY."

The miniature stock-exchange on the veranda of the hotel held another lively session that evening, and Sharpless and his fellow-conspirator were the nervous and excited bidders. But they were too late. The greater part of the stock had already been coined into the capacious pockets of the "corner" clique, and they failed to repair their losses.

Mr. Darcy, however, was ruddy with delight. He had covered all his losses in "N. A." and had made a handsome margin on the rise. In his exuberance, he insisted on having Esmond dine with himself and his daughters at their especial table in the great dining-hall, and at this time his elation of spirits expended itself almost rudely upon Esmond.

"What do you think your father said when I went to settle with him on your sales?" said he, lying back in his chair to laugh.

"He said, I presume, that I had rather visionary notions of business."

"Well, he did say something like it," responded Darcy. "Says he: 'That boy of mine must have had some poetry in his head when he made that sale.' Then he laughed, and said in a meaning whisper, with a solemn shake of the head, says he, 'In fact, the boy's in love!'"

Here Mr. Darcy leaned back and laughed so jovially that everybody in the dining-room knew that he had lost nothing on North Atlantic.

"By-the-way," said he, abruptly, as the laugh subsided, "why the deuce did you sell at those figures?"

Esmond caught a glimpse of Nelly's face opposite as he raised his eyes to answer. She was looking at him with a half-wondering air, as if some dimly-defined thought were struggling for full recognition in her mind. As Esmond caught her eyes, they assumed the plain, unmistakable expression of questioning. They thrust the question plainly before him, and plainly demanded an answer.

"Why did you sell at those figures?" That was also Nelly Darcy's question.

"I suspect I was rather absent-minded," replied Esmond, quietly, "and did have poetry on my mind. I had been thinking all evening of my bathing adventure, and I thought I heard a cry of distress come up to me again, as it had come up from the sea before."

Mr. Darcy gave a little "H'm" in reply to this. "He's kind of poetic rhapsodizing," he thought. "Enjoys it, no doubt," and he exchanged an assenting nod with the young gentleman. But Esmond saw in the still wondering yet believing eyes of Nelly Darcy, opposite, that she understood it all and thanked him, and that was enough.

CHARLES GORE SHANKS.

## THE LITTLE JOANNA.\*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE LADIES OF BASILWOOD.

"FOR lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!"

By these immemorial and infallible signs had Spring declared her sovereignty in our valley; and, before the sun was well above the wooded hills beyond the river, Miss Basil was in the garden, attired for work in an old, well-worn drab merino, a pair of leather gauntlets that had seen service, and the huge, traditional sun-bonnet of the South, formed by stretching a piece of calico over a sheet of pasteboard. It was a point of conscience with this indefatigable woman to be in the garden betimes; for there was always much to be done, and the laborers were few—consisting, in fact, with the exception of a little occasional extra help, of none but herself and old Thurston, the gray-haired negro man-of-all-work, who, with a peculiar fidelity compounded of laziness and rheumatism, still clung to the impoverished remnant of his "ole marster's family."

The magical radiance of the April morning, scattering the mists that hung about the river and the valley, revealed many a fair upland green with springing corn, and a rusty little town half veiled in vines; but nowhere, in all that beautiful, hill-circled valley, through which our narrow and impetuous river pursues its tortuous course, did that April morning linger with so tender, so revivifying grace as about the picturesque old country place of the Basils, a mile beyond the deep and tangled glen that marks the northern limit of our town of Middleborough.

A large, old-fashioned house, with wings and galleries, sadly in want of paint, surrounded by extensive but long-neglected grounds, here proclaimed in the face of rejuvenated Nature—"Nature, au front serein, comme vous oubliez!"—the sad legend, *Trav* was! and the April sunbeams, playing at hide-and-seek amid the tangled shrubbery, or tracing quaint arabesques on the weather-stained walls and moss-grown roof, seemed now to be in quest of the vanished past, and now to be doing their utmost to adorn what they could not restore; while from the grove beyond the boundary-fence, where a Cherokee rose lavished its star-like blooms, the murmurous voice of wood-pigeons lent its rustic charm to the scene, and mingled harmoniously with the gurgling cadences of the brook rushing through the ravine.

But the pale, care-worn woman, whose huge sun-bonnet shut out the sight of every thing but the weeds she was industriously

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



pulling from among the strawberry-vines, cared for none of these things. It was business and not pleasure that brought her into the garden so early, and in her grim idolatry of duty she would have thought it an extravagance to yield a moment to idle enjoyment of the charms that spring had thrown around the scene of her labors. She gave herself to her allotted task, not with sullenness, indeed—for Miss Basil expected to make money by that strawberry-bed—but with that joyless briskness characteristic of one who, in old Thurston's forcible parlance, "was set on to a bigger day's work than twenty-four hours could be made to compass without transgressing the night!"

A sore trial to him was Miss Basil's unflagging energy, and, but for the convenience of rheumatism, he must have found the place too hard on his dilatory, ease-loving nature. But though, like all energetic people, Miss Basil had an uncompromising abhorrence of laziness, she believed in the old man's rheumatism firmly and feelingly, having herself a slight personal acquaintance with the complaint; and old Thurston was not slow to take advantage of her credulity and her sympathy.

"Look at her, to be sho'!" he grumbled, as he came up the broad walk with a laborious hobble, assumed for the nonce the moment he espied the figure in the strawberry-bed; "down on her knees in the dew an' the grit, an' 'zaustin' the quality of her raisin' with constant harryin' the ground. Sich distraction after work is ill-convenient to a born lady. That poo' white trash, now, waitin' at the gate on his skeer-crow horse, think she's good as she is."

Thurston, who had not yet taken hoe in hand, was coming from the mournful contemplation of the nettles among the raspberry-bushes, in answer to a call of "Hello! hello! hello!" repeated at short intervals in a monotonous, hopeless voice, which proceeded, apparently without any volition on his part, from a small, sallow, ill-clad lad of twelve or fourteen years, perhaps, who, seated astride a starveling horse, was waiting at the gate that opened on the grove.

This lad, Aleck Griswold, who lived about half a mile beyond, always brought the mail over from town for the ladies of Basilwood. That is to say, he brought the mail whenever there was any thing to bring; but, generally speaking, he came empty-handed, and then, merely waiting for old Thurston to appear, he would shake his head, dig his heels into his poor beast's hollow sides, and make off, leaving his victim grumbling at "them deceivin' ways of poo' white trash." This morning, however, the ladies of Basilwood were favored; the boy held three letters in the freckled hand extended over the gate.

"There'll be one apiece," said old Thurston, receiving the letters with an air of importance.

"There won't be one apiece, nuther, as you'll see when you make out to read the backing on 'em," said Aleck Griswold, decisively. "There'll be two for one, and one for t'other. Little Miss Joanna don't never count in the way of letters."

"Two white ones and a yaller one," mused old Thurston. Now, old Thurston could not read a line out of the time-honored, blue-backed spelling-book; but he knew that Miss Basil, who for years had been house-keeper and manager-general of the domestic affairs of Basilwood, often received these yellow envelopes from a certain provision-merchant in the town, to whom she, on her own responsibility, consigned whatever surplus supplies the small territory under her command could be made to yield; for, while Mrs. Basil, true to the tradition of her fathers, was planting cotton (by proxy, so to speak, in the person of Mr. Josiah Griswold, who rented her land on shares), and hardly making more than enough to pay taxes, Miss Basil, who had early learned to honor the day of little things, was quietly adding to the small revenue of Basilwood by turning a penny here and a penny there, in every way that industry and ingenuity could devise. "The yaller one is certain for Miss Pamela?" said old Thurston, inquiringly.

"You hit it that time!" said the boy, giving his skeleton nag the accustomed admonition to move on. "Now, don't drop 'em, nor nuthin';" and, with this caution, he rode away.

"If you don't mind and hurry back to yo' hoe, the grass'll be on to yo' tracks," muttered old Thurston, looking after him; then, in a highly self-satisfied condition, he went on to the house to deliver Mrs. Basil her letters. It was only proper that Mrs. Basil should be served first; and the strawberry-bed was rather out of his way; why should he, "all disjointed" as he was, take any unnecessary steps? He could carry the yellow envelope to Miss Basil as he went back to contend with the nettles. So he came, bareheaded, and bowing with a suppleness that belied what he called "the array of his j'int's," into Mrs. Basil's presence. One of the old school was Thurston, and proud of the manners which he boasted of having learned from old Judge Basil himself.

He found Mrs. Basil in the large, rather sombre apartment that during the judge's lifetime had been used as a library, but which was now converted into a sitting-room. Here, when there were no visitors in the house, Mrs. Basil, who could never conform to Miss Basil's extremely early hours, took her meals alone. A small, round table, with a service of old-fashioned silver and china, stood near the open window, through which this April morning poured a flood of sunshine, and in a large, well-worn arm-chair at the side of this table sat Mrs. Basil, waiting for her solitary breakfast.

A white-haired, near-sighted, handsome woman of fifty-two was this stately, *faineante* widow of good, easy, old Judge Basil. Her black dress was not new, but it was of fine material. She wore no ornaments; but her left hand rested lightly upon an ivory-headed staff of curious workmanship, itself no mean ornament, and without which she was never seen. It was not on account of any infirmity that she always carried that handsome staff, but because it was an heirloom in her family, and because, perhaps, it added to that

air of lofty calm which was her peculiar characteristic; for Mrs. Basil had been much admired in her day, and knew her good points and how to enhance them. She was not above medium height, but so erect was she, and so much did that conspicuous staff add to the dignity of her presence, that people naturally thought her tall. The world, we know, was not correctly informed in regard to the stature of the Grand Monarque until long years after his death; and so, until the inevitable measure was taken, Mrs. Basil's world entertained an exaggerated estimate of her inches.

There had been a time within the memory of Middleborough when Mrs. Basil, who became old Judge Basil's second wife at a somewhat mature age, lived in splendor; and something of the tarnished glory of that luxurious era still seemed to cling to her in the many habits of a luxurious life that she still retained. She submitted with dignity, indeed, to many privations that could not be avoided; she willingly denied herself in the article of dress; she did not murmur when the one poor horse that drew the unpretending (not to say shabby) little rockaway she had been forced to substitute for her handsome carriage was harnessed to the plough; and she resigned herself very composedly to the necessity of having one man-servant fulfill the duties of gardener, coachman, and general factotum; but two things there were in which the old judge's thrifty cousin could never prevail against the old judge's impoverished widow—Mrs. Basil would never refuse to entertain her relations, and she would never consent to take her meals at those uncivilized hours which Miss Basil, for health and economy's sake, rigidly adhered to.

"You have letters for me, Thurston?"—extending her small white hand, and speaking in the soft, indolent voice of a person of infinite leisure. "Oh, I hope Miss Basil sees that little Aleck Griswold receives some trifle for his trouble?" This she invariably said whenever the arrival of letters reminded her of the boy, but she just as invariably forgot him the next moment.

"Yes, ma'am," said old Thurston, bowing low—not that he knew, for Miss Basil rarely let her right hand know what her left hand did.

Mrs. Basil did not hear him; she was already absorbed in her letter, which she had opened eagerly the instant she saw the well-known writing, without staying even to glance at the other which she held in her hand.

"Any orders, ma'am, for Miss Pamela?" said old Thurston. It behooved him, he thought, to discover whether these letters foreboded visitors, as letters at this season generally did; for Mrs. Basil's kinsfolk from the coast still found Basilwood, even in its decadence, a pleasant retreat in warm weather: the rooms were spacious, fruit was plentiful, and Mrs. Basil, in spite of straitened means, was a gracious hostess.

"Oh, I'll see Miss Basil myself," she said, without looking up. "You may go."

"There'll be visitors certain, and Miss Pamela she'll take it hard about providin'," said old Thurston to himself, as he made his

way toward the strawberry-bed, so full of speculation that he quite forgot to limp, although Miss Basil, who had risen from her stooping posture, stood watching every step.

But Miss Basil was not thinking of old Thurston's steps.

"Any letters for me, Thurston?" she asked, anxiously.

She had pushed back the deep sun-bonnet which, indeed, she did not wear through any regard for her complexion, but as a safeguard to health, and the pale, delicate face, with the restless, sad gray eyes, and the dark hair streaked with silver, was exposed to the full blaze of the sun. Tall, and slight, and angular, was she, and utterly without grace of pose or motion, yet she had all the dignity of a thorough lady, and old Thurston bowed as low before her as he did before Mrs. Basil herself.

"One of these yaller letters," said he.

"Is that all?" said she, in a disappointed tone, and a look of dismay crept into her eyes.

"And two white ones for the madame."

"How do you know they are for her?" said Miss Basil, impatiently, crushing the letter Thurston had already given her, unread, into her pocket. "Let me see them," she demanded, peremptorily stretching out her hand.

"Aleck Griswold, he told me so," said old Thurston, apologetically; "and I carried them straight to the house. It's all right, Miss Pamela; I give 'em into the madame's own hands."

Thurston always spoke of Mrs. Basil as the "madame."

A flush of vexation swept over Miss Basil's pallid face.

"In future, Thurston," said she, evidently struggling to speak calmly, "always bring the mail first to me. Mrs. Basil is not up every day at this hour."

Old Thurston, with rather a crestfallen look, went off to "study" about taking up the hoe against the nettles, and Miss Basil began again to pull up the weeds. How long she had worked she did not know—for her thoughts were afar—when a voice at her side said:

"Pamela, here is a letter for you; it was given me by mistake."

Miss Basil almost thought she had dreamed the words, they were so true to her hope, so foreign to her expectation; but when she turned suddenly and saw Mrs. Basil standing before her, she started up in alarm; it was so very unusual for Mrs. Basil to come out before the dew was off.

Poor Miss Basil! who had lived for years on a trembling hope of which Mrs. Basil had no suspicion, was forever haunted by the shadow of a fear. She knit her shaking fingers together as if to steady herself, and stammered, wildly:

"What—what is—the matter?"

Her voice died away in a terrified whisper.

"A letter for you," said Mrs. Basil, coldly.

She was not nervous nor excitable herself, and she had no sympathy for nervous, excitable people.

"Oh, thank you," Miss Basil said, trying to speak with equal indifference.

She did not look at Mrs. Basil, and her face was hidden by the big sun-bonnet, so that the two slow tears rolling over her faded cheeks fell unseen. One glance she gave the letter before she consigned it to her pocket, and then, to Mrs. Basil's surprise and annoyance, she dropped on her knees among the strawberry-vines again without another word.

"Pamela is such a drudge," Mrs. Basil thought, with impatient contempt. "She hasn't a thought above work. She makes nothing of my coming out in this morning dew for her accommodation."

How, indeed, was she to understand that Miss Basil, who was unconscious now of the sort of frantic industry with which she was pulling up the weeds, had dropped so suddenly upon her knees with no other thought than quietly to offer up a devout thanksgiving? Mrs. Basil contemplated her a moment in half-scornful silence before she said:

"Pamela, I have something to say to you after a while. I cannot stand here now; I have not yet breakfasted."

"Very well," said Miss Basil, from the depths of her sun-bonnet. "Shall I come to you in half an hour? It is not prudent to walk out in the morning on an empty stomach, I know."

Mrs. Basil turned away impatiently.

"She tries to evade me, as if she thought I would pry into her correspondence!" she said to herself, indignantly.

She would have resented the imputation of low curiosity, yet she was conscious, as she walked back to the house, of a feeling of disappointment. She had tried in vain to decipher the blurred, illegible post-mark, and thought she might have sent the letter by the servant that brought in her breakfast, but she had preferred to deliver it herself. It seemed a little hard that after she had taken all that trouble Miss Basil had not appreciated it sufficiently to offer a word in explanation of a correspondence for which Mrs. Basil found it difficult to account.

"It is not possible that she can have a lover," she mused, as she sipped her coffee. "She's not ten years younger than I. It must be from old Miss Hawkesby, I fancy; but I don't see why she should be so reticent about a letter from that old woman. However, it is no affair of mine."

And thus Mrs. Basil thought she had dismissed the subject from her mind.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHO COMES NOW?

MISS BASIL'S position at Basilwood was neither easy nor altogether pleasant, but habit and circumstance had combined to fix and keep her there. She had come to Middleborough a stranger, and though more than twenty years had now passed, a stranger she still remained, and something of a mystery, which is always the case when a person seems sedulously to shun society. Yet no one had ever hesitated about receiving her, for had

not the estimable Judge Basil, whose remote cousin she was, graciously accorded her a home beneath his roof? She was homeless and friendless when she came to him, but in time she had requited his kindness a thousand-fold by an unselfish devotion to his domestic interests. For, though the judge's first wife was then living, she was a confirmed invalid, and but for Miss Basil the household affairs must have been sadly neglected, and the little orphan grandchild, Joanna, who, some years after Miss Basil came, was born and left motherless at Basilwood, must have suffered for proper care.

The second Mrs. Basil, who succeeded the first after a very short interval, was never known to assume any burden that she could avoid, and finding so excellent a house-keeper and manager in charge when she became mistress of Basilwood, was too well content in the ease and comfort afforded by such an arrangement to disturb it; and thus it had continued, and seemed to promise still to continue, for Miss Basil having far less enterprise than energy, shrank more and more from the turmoil of the outer world. She was not fond of the judge's widow, but she had a strong attachment for the old homestead, where she had led, for so many years, the peaceful life of a recluse, and she was still pleased to remain, although she knew that she was spending her energies with no prospect of an adequate return. Mrs. Basil herself had only a life interest in Basilwood, which after her death would pass into the possession of her nephew, Arthur Hendall. For this reason Miss Basil entertained no favorable regard toward young Hendall, whom she had never met, and did not wish ever to meet.

It must not be supposed that Judge Basil did not appreciate all that Miss Basil did in his home. He was the last man in the world to accept so lavish a requital of his kindness and hospitality as a matter of course; but, good, easy gentleman of the old school that he was, while he knew and feelingly acknowledged that his friendless cousin's services were inestimable, he would have deemed it an insult to offer her a house-keeper's salary. She was a lady, he said, with pride, and she should live in his house forever as a lady. Her services, therefore, were rendered of her own free choice, and not at his instance. It was always his intention, however, to make some provision for her in his will; but death overtook him suddenly, he had lived extravagantly, and his estate was found to be insolvent. Basilwood, once a highly-improved place, was mortgaged for more than its value, to old Mr. Hendall, Mrs. Basil's father, who settled it, together with two or three hundred acres adjacent, upon his daughter during her life, and, after her death, upon his grandson, Arthur. It was not to be expected that old Mr. Hendall, in settling his affairs for the next world, should take thought for Miss Basil, who was supposed to be able to take care of herself, nor yet for the judge's destitute granddaughter, whose own relations—the few that remained—ignored her; was it not enough that she too, by the grace of Mrs. Basil, continued still to find shelter at Basilwood?

The world, the gossiping Middleborough world that commented on everybody's affairs, said loudly that Mrs. Basil had done remarkably well, *all things considered* (a saving clause, always thrown in as a balance to judgment), by her husband's relations, when she continued to that queer Miss Basil, and that forlorn little Joanna, the friendly shelter of Basilwood. Miss Basil, had she chosen so to do, might easily have shown the world how indispensable she was to the judge's moneyless widow; but Miss Basil was the most reticent of women, and all she asked of the world was to be let alone. She was well content to immure herself at Basilwood, that she might thus secure a proper home in which to keep the little Joanna.

She had accepted this child, motherless from the day of her birth, as a sacred trust, for the sake of Judge Basil's well-tried friendship, and everybody commended her unwearying devotion to her young charge. And Miss Basil was indeed devoted to the child, but with a devotion in which a stern sense of duty usurped the blind, unquestioning faith of love. Joanna was to her an object in life, but not the object for which she lived.

Middleborough had long quite forgotten that bright young lad, whom, years ago, the judge had received at Basilwood as his ward; but Miss Basil remembered him always; he was enshrined in her heart, the idol of her affections, and his place no other could ever take. He was but a baby of six years, Judge Basil's little namesake, when he was brought to Basilwood, where Miss Basil had already been some time established in her responsible post; and when he came crying for the father and mother he had left dead in the distant town of the West that she used to know, she took him in her lap and cried with him, and day by day, with unflagging tenderness and devotion, so won the child's heart that he asked, at last, to call her mother. But prim Miss Basil said "no" to this; she did not think it would be right; he might call her "Pamela," however. Yet she gave him all the mother-love her heart could hold. The little Joanna who came a few years later, and was given to her from the day of her birth, received, indeed, every motherly care and kindness; but all the passionate tenderness of Miss Basil's heart was monopolized by the handsome boy now growing into a bold, promising youth, in whom Judge Basil took no little pride. Somewhat spoiled, somewhat willful, perhaps, the boy was; but so affectionate, and so devoted to her, that Miss Basil could see no fault in him; and her influence over him was such a support to the judge's mildly-exercised authority, that in spite of some discreditable escapades, some boyish follies and extravagances, it might safely have been predicted that he would sow his wild-oats early and do well at last.

But—he had run away soon after the judge's second marriage, driven, as Miss Basil firmly believed, by Mrs. Basil's want of forbearance. Whether he had gone none knew, and no one cared except Miss Basil. When he left, she had a long illness, and lay for many days at death's door. Many good

people said that it was a visitation on her for making an idol of human clay; and everybody sympathized with "poor, dear Mrs. Basil who had had such a trial in that boy;" thus voting his departure a good riddance, they made all haste to forget him. No one suspected, as the years went by, that from time to time letters came to one faithful, patient watcher, for Miss Basil was good at keeping her own counsel, and nobody in Middleborough imagined that she looked for the day when Basil Redmond should return, "bringing his sheaves with him."

Sustained by such a hope, Miss Basil could patiently await a time, not far distant now, she felt, when Mrs. Basil should be made to suffer remorse and humiliation for her harshness and impatience toward the judge's young ward, whose small patrimony had vanished somehow in the reckless extravagance and bad management that had followed upon the judge's second marriage.

Yet Miss Basil was not conscious that any leaven of malice and uncharitableness infected the fair hope that fed her very life; was she not, by every means in her power, day after day, and year after year, serving Mrs. Basil better than Mrs. Basil, who had no head for business, would ever know? Did not Mrs. Basil find her always ready to wait upon her commands? At this very moment she knew, by an unfailing instinct, that Mrs. Basil was going to speak to her about making a room ready for some visitor. And was it not hard that any one should come now to eat up the early strawberries without paying for them, when she knew of two or three epicures and invalids in the town that would give a good price for the first that ripened? She did not approve of entertaining so much company; it was expensive and troublesome, and the burden of providing for the comfort of the guests all fell upon her; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate, and, when she had pulled up all the weeds she meant to pull up that morning, she went in and changed her dress for a neat, dark calico, in which she presently appeared before Mrs. Basil.

Mrs. Basil was ready for the conference. She had breakfasted, and sent away the table.

"Pamela," said she, "which is the pleasantest room in the house?"

"Yours is," answered Miss Basil, with stoical calm.

She never openly rebelled against receiving visitors; but she could be aggravating. But Mrs. Basil would never condescend to notice any thing of that kind.

"Could you make the large room opposite mine ready to-day?"

There would have been no use in saying "No," as Miss Basil very well knew, so she said, "Yes."

"Do so, then, if you please," said Mrs. Basil, with unusual blandness; and then she paused, as if she would be inquired of.

But Miss Basil remained provokingly silent. What difference did it make to her who was coming? Were they not all more or less alike, these numerous relatives of her cousin's widow, self-indulgent people, who for the last five or six years had found it convenient and economical to spend more or less

of the summer at Basilwood? Whether they came singly, or in couples, or in trios, they meant trouble, and they gave trouble, and Miss Basil could only thank a kind Providence that there were no children in the connection.

"You will see that every thing is made thoroughly comfortable," said Mrs. Basil, after a little pause. "To-morrow or next day I expect my nephew." She made the announcement with an air of triumph that seemed to demand congratulation; but Miss Basil clasped her hands with a start, and exclaimed in dismay, before she was well aware of her words:

"Mercy defend us! *The little Joanna!*"

It was an involuntary remonstrance against the inevitable; for poor Miss Basil had long known that sooner or later Mrs. Basil's nephew would come to Basilwood; and, unexpected though the announcement was, she felt as if she had lived all her life for this supreme moment. It would be an evil day, the day of his coming, she feared, for Arthur Hendall, she knew, was a young man of the gay world, and oh, what a giddy child was the little Joanna, with her heart upon her sleeve!

There was no need to give her thought further words, however; Mrs. Basil, though she did not share these fears, understood them perfectly.

"Pamela," said she, stiffening visibly, "Joanna is a mere child—as yet."

But this reminder had no comfort for Miss Basil. She remembered (with what a sinking of heart!) that this little Joanna had lately acquired the art of twisting up her crisp, bronze-brown hair in a way that did not appertain to childhood, and, further, that she had clamored but yesterday for a demi-train! And how these notions of dress had arisen in the mind of this secluded child baffled Miss Basil's penetration, which was never very acute where character was concerned; yet, with an intuition very rare in her experience, she perceived that these aspirations after the vanities of the toilet gave a flat contradiction to Mrs. Basil's estimate of Joanna; for certainly, by these tokens, she was not "a mere child."

Perhaps Mrs. Basil, though she had never noticed how Joanna wore her hair, and though she was ignorant of the dispute about the demi-train, read Miss Basil's thought, for she added, immediately:

"Your fears, in any case, are absurd. Do you suppose that all the world is going to see Joanna with your admiring eyes?"

"But I don't admire Joanna, Heaven knows!" said Miss Basil, peevishly, resenting such an imputation upon the soundness of her judgment. "What is there to admire in her? A poor little brown mite that will never repay my care! Reckless, heedless, given over to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—that's Joanna, for all my prayers, for all my pains—"

"There, Pamela," said Mrs. Basil, with dignity, "I can see no necessity whatever for thus disparaging my husband's granddaughter."

Mrs. Basil made rather a display of always remembering that Joanna was her hus-



band's granddaughter; she was pleased to have the child call her "grandmamma;" but she was not fond of her, and, though she had checked Miss Basil, she herself saw so little to admire in Joanna that she could not understand why she should be an obstacle in the way of Arthur's coming to Basilwood. She wished to keep Arthur with her; she hoped to induce him to give up civil-engineering, with which he seemed just now to be infatuated, and devote himself to planting; for, though planting was no longer the *otium cum dignitate* it had once been, Mrs. Basil found it hard to abjure her hereditary faith in the might of cotton. But, if Miss Basil was going to make a fuss about it on account of the little Joanna, she thought Miss Basil would do better to complain to old Miss Hawkesby, Joanna's great-aunt, who never yet had troubled herself about her young relative; and Mrs. Basil was proudly conscious that she had done a good part by her husband's granddaughter.

She did not say any thing of this kind to Miss Basil; it would have sounded too quarrelsome; but, remembering the letter Miss Basil had that morning received, she was moved to ask whether Miss Hawkesby ever wrote.

"Sometimes, not often," said Miss Basil, reluctantly.

"She does remember Joanna, then? Pray what kind of woman is she? You know I have never seen her?"

Now, concerning old Miss Hawkesby, Miss Basil thought, and not altogether without reason, that if she would be content to settle down in some quiet place and economize, instead of wasting her time and her money traveling hither and thither, she might be able to do something for the little Joanna, as well as for Anita, Joanna's half-sister, whom the old lady had taken to live with her. Miss Basil, therefore, was not disposed to say any thing particularly flattering about old Miss Hawkesby.

"Heaven forbid that I should judge her!" she answered, with a highly-judicial air.

Mrs. Basil smiled faintly.

"Oh, I hope she may yet do something for our little Joanna," she said.

"I don't expect it, and I don't encourage the child to expect it!" Miss Basil answered, hastily, not without bitterness. "Joanna is very well as she is; I don't wish to be rid of her." An uneasy suspicion that Mrs. Basil meant to banish the child began to creep into her mind.

"Nor do I," said Mrs. Basil, serenely unconscious that any such wish lurked in her heart, and satisfied that she was influenced solely by a desire for Joanna's welfare; "but consider, Pamela, you and I cannot live forever."

Miss Basil turned pale, not at the thought of death, but at the suggestion of Joanna left to struggle alone.

"The Lord will provide," she said, faintly.

"I honor your faith," Mrs. Basil answered, rather coldly; "but in your place I should think it necessary to make some provision for Joanna's future."

"I shall make provision for Joanna's future," said Miss Basil, hastily; then, seeing

Mrs. Basil's surprise, she added, in some confusion, "by teaching her to lay up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. And I don't see," she continued, dolefully, "why we need discuss Miss Hawkesby. I am willing to keep Joanna; I've always taken care of her."

"O Pamela, if you disapprove of Joanna's profiting by her own relations," said Mrs. Basil, with an offended air, "it's no affair of mine; but I had only her good at heart, I'm sure."

Then Miss Basil grew penitent.

"You are very kind," she faltered; "and I'll go now and attend to the room."

## TEN DAYS WITH THE SEMINOLES.

### II.

THE next day we visited the cornfields again, and staid until the gathering clouds and muttering thunder betokened rain.

Then there was a scampering. Parker's squaw appropriated my guide's marsh pony, and Tiger had mounted my bay stallion.

It was a unique procession that wound through the shady cypress-swamp and over the prairie.

First came Parker's two daughters—young ladies of sixteen and seventeen respectively—who had captured one of the old Indian's colts, and, mounted astride its back, led the cavalcade. They seemed to enjoy themselves, and their musical laughter came floating back at every leap and kick of their half-broken steed. Next came Parker's squaw, astride my guide's pony, with a solemn-looking papoose on her back, holding up her scanty skirts with one hand, while with the other she clung to the bridle. After her came Tiger, with my rubber blanket over his head, a tin kettle on one arm, an iron pot swung from the other, and a lapful of corn.

My guide, a host of pickaninnies, eleven dogs, a colt, and a hog or two, came next.

Parker and myself brought up the rear.

The procession started. The girls had stripped, and were clinging to the pony and to each other for dear life. We had gone but a few rods when the pony suddenly elevated his heels, landing the girls—a confused vision of legs and arms—yards away in the marsh. With another flourish, and a snort of defiance, he then scoured away over the plain.

That started all the rest.

Never shall I forget the expression of Tiger's face as he dashed off, clinging desperately to the horse, and shouting broken fragments of Seminole and English:

"Che la ko holawangus; hock to che holawangus; dam!"

The colt then went for the scene, upsetting a whole row of dogs, and extorting profane exclamations from the patient Parker.

After we had reached the shanties, the party came in, one after another, and, removing their garments (such as had any), squatted about the fire.

In my walk with my Indian friend I had

discovered an interesting and valuable plant, an antidote for snake-bites, called by the Indians "pah sah;" by the whites, "rattle-snake-master." I am not aware that it is known to the materia medica, and think it is new to toxicologists. It grows in the low prairies and open woods. The Seminole always carries a piece of the root about him.

Examine the contents of a Seminole's medicine-bag—a little square bag woven of palmetto-fibre, which he never is without—and you will find this root, a piece of iris-root, and perhaps a shred of tobacco.

The mode of operation in case of snake-bite is simple. The root is macerated in the mouth and placed upon the wound. As my friend explained to me:

"Chitta (snake) bite um; kill um. Chitta bite um; pah sah you got; no kill um."

Certain it is that an Indian is never killed by snakes; and equally certain that they are often bitten, as they wade swamps and hammocks with no protection for their legs, and hunt in the most horrible places. Curious is their veneration for a snake.

They believe that if they kill a snake its spirit will incite its surviving relatives to kill them.

We passed a large moccasin snake (a deadly species) right in our path. I was about to kill it, when the Indian stopped me, saying that I had the pah sah; if the snake bit me, I had the cure; if I killed it it would be bad for me.

I killed it nevertheless.

That evening, gathered about the camp-fire, we entertained one another with stories, though our red brothers did little more than grunt an assent now and then.

The most interesting was told by my guide, who had been present at their annual feast of the harvest, or "busk."

The ceremony is undoubtedly one of purification—a propitiatory offering to the Great Spirit. Every year at the ripening of the harvest they gather all the people of their tribes, and hold a grand powwow, lasting several days.

They burn and destroy all the filth and useless utensils of cooking, etc., and burn all condemned old clothes, purify themselves by sweating and washing; after which they elect chiefs, and transact such business as needs attention.

As my guide was at their feast last year, let him relate the story as he told it to me that night, by the smouldering camp-fire, with listening Indians:

"'Twas about the first of July; and me and Aleck thought we'd go out and kind of celebrate the Fourth among the Indians, seeing's we'd been invited. Well, we got out here; 'twas over the same trail we took the other day, but the flats was full of water, and 'twas just awful getting here.

"The Injuns give us a shanty, and we turned loose our horses, and the next day the performance commenced. You see that cleared place there, about a hundred feet across? Well, that was all smooth, and was used to dance on, about that pole in the centre, which was all hung with leaves and one thing and another.

"This house here, to one side, was a sort

of sweat-house, and they had it stopped up tight, and a big kettle of water—two or three of them—in one end.

"The women, they went round and collected all the old stuff and made a big heap of it, and then set it afire. Then they went out and got some kind of a root and made a strong drink, and that physicked them, you bet.

"This took about all day.

"Next day they got together on that level place, and danced about the pole. They didn't like it because we was there, and some of the Big Cypress fellows threatened to kill us, but Aleck had brought out a keg of real good whiskey, and the promise of that, when they was through, made every thing all right.

"The women had them turtle-shells strapped around their ankles, and they'd clap 'em together and make a noise you could hear a mile. First they'd dance kind of slow, then gradually quicken their steps till they would fairly wake things, and sing and howl fit to wake the dead. All these two days they hadn't had nothing to eat, and wouldn't give us any thing, and, if we hadn't brought something, we should have starved.

"Every once in a while, one of the chiefs would get up and make a speech, and then dive into the sweat-house, where they had got up steam by chucking red-hot rocks into them kettles of water. There he would stay till nigh about dead—for the house was all full of steam—and then he'd rush out and jump into that pond, there, stark naked, and yelling like sixty!

"All this time the old doctor seemed to be the master of ceremonies, and he was a-mumbling over big words, hard enough to choke a white man, and pretended he was conversing with the Great Spirit. Toward night of the second day they seemed to think they'd got things about clean enough, with their sweating, and physicking, and dancing, and all the girls went off and got corn, and melons, and pertaters, and they had a reg'lar feast, and they eat and eat, till everybody had enough to make up for a two months' fast.

"This is all the ceremony these heathen have, and they don't care no more for religion than a cat. If they are good when they are on this earth, they will go to a land of plenty where things is cheap and whiskey and game is plenty. If they don't be good here they will go to the land of the Bad Spirit, who is half starved, and has no bears'-oil or whiskey. After the ceremonies was all over, they elected old Tustenuggu, chief, instead of Tiger-Tail, who has been chief so long, and that came near making a fight; but it was proved that Tustenuggu was descended from old Micanopy, and had ought to have been chief long ago."

Giving a last look to our horses we retired to sleep upon the hard logs, awoke early the next morning, bade adieu to our kind friends, and departed, intending to return in a few days.

Of the week that followed; of our being lost in the woods, and finally emerging at the settlement we sought, I will say nothing, for that had nothing to do with the Indians.

When we returned we found the shanties

deserted. Not a living being within sight or sound.

Carefully stowed away beneath the thatch were deer-skins, tortoise-shells, and small household articles. In one shanty we found a rifle and a spelling-book.

We were out of provisions, and must find some Indians, or starve. Starting for their plantations, darkness gathered about us before we could find the trail through the swamps. Wheeling the horses about, we galloped over broad stretches of prairie, toward the trail through the Black Cypress, for that way the trail led, and we felt sure we should eventually overtake them. The moon came up and flooded the prairies. We passed a group of deserted dwellings, and were greeted by the hoot of "oopah," the owl, from their bare ridge-poles.

Soon we entered the gloom of the Cypress, where scarcely a moonbeam could penetrate, and struggled for an hour in the horrible blackness, with the terrors of our previous passage increased tenfold by the darkness. Exhausted, we led our horses out into the moonlight, mounted and rode on, soon striking the prairie upon the other side. The trail of the Indians was fresh, and my guide followed it without difficulty. On and on we rode, the outlines of the cypress, curved and beautiful, melting away in the distance. Halting to give our jaded beasts a bite of grass, we mounted again, anon falling in with herds of cattle, and giving chase.

The monotonous, long-drawn cry of wolves wailed out faintly on the air. My guide assured me that there was nothing to be feared from them, as well I knew; yet that cry caused me to grasp my rifle tighter and look back over my shoulder more than once. Another wail, nearer now, and another answering, gave promise of good watchmen, in case we had to camp alone. Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and pressed forward with renewed speed. A long spell of silence, broken only by the thud of hoofs, ensued, worse in its suspense than the noise of the wolves.

"They are on our track!" said my guide, "but I don't know what it means. I ain't seen a wolf on this prairie this year, and there's either a big pack after us, or a starved one." We entered the shadow of a palmetto-grove, and dashed over the cracking fans as though we heard the wolves on our track. At the farther end we halted, just a minute—patter, patter—I seemed to hear the noise of many feet, and urged my horse on, while a cold thrill ran down my back.

In the midst of a heavy canter, we saw the gleam of lights at our right, heard the barking of dogs, and, wheeling about, soon found ourselves in the midst of friends.

A host of dogs came forth to meet us, and leaped about and frolicked just as white men's dogs would do. A sleepy Indian greeted us as we crashed into the hammock, over dead and brittle limbs and leaves, who assigned a place for us to sleep, and roused a drowsy squaw, who set out various vessels of food, and then retired.

Kicking the embers of their camp-fire together a blaze leaps up that brings out the weird features of the scene: lofty palmettoes,

with imbricated trunks, stand out gray and ghastly, supporting an arching roof of broad leaves, beneath which, singly and in groups, are stretched the sleeping Seminoles. Many strange objects loom up, and familiar things take unfamiliar shapes, but we are too tired to analyze the picture, and only too grateful to stretch our weary limbs beneath the palms, safe in the company of friends.

It was long past midnight when we had finished our attack upon the meat, sausage, and thin drink, and the sun looked in upon us several hours before we awoke next morning.

An Indian camp is this village, moved into the forest, *minus* the houses. Nearly all their personal property is carried with them. Hogs, dogs, hens, cooking-utensils, and every thing movable, is taken with them when they set out on a grand hunt. This party was destined for the prairies of the St. John's, intending to be gone a month, and procure hundreds of deer-skins. They marched by easy stages, and hunted as they went. They were to stop here a few days to kill a couple of bears in the cypress-swamps near, then would move on.

Tied to a tree near my head is a half-grown bear, who lunges at me fearfully as I arose and threw off my blanket. Two small pigs are tied by the middle to another tree, and through all the day they raise their pitiful voices to heaven for deliverance. A litter of puppies, with eyes yet unopened, snarl and whine beneath the shade of a palmetto. Upon poles, stretched from tree to tree, are piles of deer-skins, and large bear-hides curiously stretched with sticks and thongs. From the trees hang pots and kettles, spoons, dippers, blankets, bladders, bottles, fawn-skins of honey, deers' brains wrapped in moss, leggings, saddles, saddle-bags, bear-meat in huge flakes, axes, knives, and thongs, and as miscellaneous and varied a wardrobe of feminine garments as ever adorned an Indian camp. After breakfast, the squaws and girls busy themselves with the various employments left them by their husbands and fathers. One dresses skins, another prepares bread from the powdered "kontikatke," coontee, or bread-root; while the little ones run about stark naked, save their beads, gleaning the fragments left from breakfast, inverting themselves in the huge kettles in search of some choice morsel, or licking the bowl of some huge spoon.

I never tired of watching their antics. They were as cheerful and as jolly as white children, and carried on their games with as much gusto. They never cry. There was a babe there but three weeks old, laid out on the palmetto-fans, which never even whimpered. They made curious little shelters for the children of palmetto-leaves. The stalks of some of these leaves are three feet long, and the leaves as much in diameter, and these would be thrust into the ground, the leaves joined at the top, forming a charming little tent, turning rain and dew, and allowing free play for the wind between the stalk-supports.

The process of dressing the deer-skins is interesting. The skins are fleshed, thrown into water until the hair peels off readily;

then thrown over a post sunken into the ground at an angle of about 45°, rubbed till perfectly smooth with a piece of wood, and then smoked. This smoking process colors them, in shades varying from yellow to brown, makes them comparatively waterproof, and gives them a villainous odor of smoke, which is retained as long as the skin exists.

To smoke them, they dig a small pit, build a fire at the bottom, place upon the fire pieces of rotten wood, and over the pit place the skins, which have been previously softened with a mixture of deers' brains in water. After smoking, the skins are hung up to dry, and are ready for market.

Toward noon one of the girls led the surly bear-cub to a neighboring pond to drink. He walked by her side peaceably enough until he got opposite us, when he darted so fiercely in our direction that the thong that held him parted. Forgetting the peculiarly ursine predisposition to climb, so inherent in a bear, I started up the nearest tree. It was smooth. A dozen feet from the ground I hung, unable to proceed. It was a desperate situation. Below was a raging bear, sharpening his claws in bloody anticipation; above, the smooth bole of the tree, slippery and smooth as glass. I ask the reader, What would you have done? Verily, you could have done no different from what I was doing—digging toes and finger-nails into that miserable tree. But there is a limit to human endurance. My arms weakened, legs shook, muscles quivered, one desperate effort—I was gone!

So was the bear! After playfully scratching at the root of the tree a while, he allowed himself to be caught and led away. Not being aware of that, I had hung to that tree full fifteen minutes after his departure. I never did love bears.

Late in the afternoon a handsome squaw came in from the swamps with a huge load of brier-roots. Without vouchsafing a word to any one, she deposited her load on the ground, procured water, washed a kettleful carefully, and then placed them in another kettle half filled with water. This she hung over the fire, packed a thick layer of Spanish moss over the top, and placed over this a strip of the inner fibre of the palmetto; all this was done to keep in the steam.

A few hours' steaming over a slow fire was sufficient; they were taken from the kettle, mashed to a pulp, strained in several waters, dried, and then reduced to a fine flour. This was the "ah-há," or China brier, by some called the wild-potato. This and the coontee furnish the Seminoles with an abundance of farinaceous food. It is of a brick-red color; the powder of the coontee-root is of the color and appearance of rye-flour. The squaws baked thin cakes of it, and gave them to us, served up in honey. The honey found in these woods is delicious, made mostly from the wild-penny-royal. The Indians are exceedingly fond of it, and spot a bee-tree a long way off. They carry it in fawn-skins, said skins being stripped out till dried, when, with the nose tied up, they make water-tight bags.

The Indian fire is a peculiar institution with them. They can produce a flame when it seems impossible, no matter how strong the wind, or how wet the wood. They go about it systematically; place the ends of the wood together, radiating from a common centre like the spokes of a wheel.

These ends, once aflame, will slumber and smoulder a long while. Should the flame die out in the night, you have but to kick a few sticks into the centre, when they burst into a blaze. One can always distinguish an Indian camping-place by the disposition of the charred brands.

At an hour before sunset we heard the report of a gun, then another; that was all, but the squaws looked at one another, and said, "No ko-sé" (bear), and busied themselves in preparing a repast for the hunters and putting the kettles in order for trying out the oil.

A little after dusk the braves came in.

First came villainous-looking but honest and pleasant Parker and his son, each loaded down with bear-meat, and behind them Parker's son-in-law, bearing a quantum of meat and a huge hide.

Old Billy came next, the most perfect specimen of an old Indian I have met with. He was tall, with brawny limbs, a large Roman nose, and large eyes. Tommy Tiger, a Spanish Indian, followed after him, threw his meat at the feet of his squaw, and stood upright, with folded arms, eying us savagely. Tommy Tiger was a son of old Tiger. He was over six feet in height, large and muscular. His eyes were black and fierce; his mouth, firm, but not cruel, was shaded by a small black mustache. We soon made friends with him, and found him gentle and pleasant-voiced.

Every thing was now full of activity; the squaws took the bear-meat and venison, cut the former into small slices, which they strung upon sticks to smoke, and trimmed the hams of the latter.

The brave's work for the day was done. He had procured the meat and skins; the squaw was to prepare and preserve them.

Though wet, weary, and hungry, they were very kind and courteous, answering quietly the questions of the children as they clung to their legs and hands, while at the same time conversing with us.

And this has been my experience with the Seminole. I have found him ever kind, hospitable, generous, and brave; worthy a better fate than is before him. So long, however, as he is left alone, he asks nothing more. He is happy. The forests and rivers furnish food in abundance; and if the native Floridian does not extend his encroachments further, the Seminole will continue to live in peace and harmony with mankind, asking nothing, needing nothing.

We remained with them several days; and, were this but a tale of adventure, I might prolong it many a page; but my only aim has been to represent the Seminole as he is in these pictures of camp and village life, and enough has been written to show the manner in which he lives.

A few words in regard to his intellectual status. He is supposed to be ignorant, and

in many things he is; yet he has a system of numeration as perfect as and much simpler than ours, and some of the warriors have a rude system of signs in writing which no one but they can understand. Glance for a moment at their numeral system:

Hum-kin, one; hokolin, two; totschanen, three; orstain, four; sha-ka-bin, five; epahken, six; kolopahken, seven; kenapahken, eight; orstapahken, nine; pahlen, ten. The beauty of their system lies in its simplicity.

Twelve is ten and two, thus: pahlen-hokolin; twenty is two tens, thus, pah-le-hokolin; thirty, pah-le-totschanen, etc.

Undoubtedly this system may have its defects. The principal one lies in the necessary length of such a string of words as results from hitching together so many numerals.

I easily acquired the necessary information for reading this multiplication-table up to a thousand, which was "chopkacholehum-kin," but I respectfully submit that no mortal man, without an impediment in his speech, could successfully give utterance to their denomination for a million. How appalling would the United States debt appear expressed in Seminole!

FREDERICK A. OBER.

## DANIEL O'CONNELL.

### AN IRISH CENTENNIAL.

IN a remote and rugged corner of the Irish county of Kerry, in the midst of wilds so desolate and crags so barren that they form one spot in Ireland, at least, that is sparsely settled, and on a wooded promontory which overlooks the most gloomy and forlorn of all Atlantic shores, stands the gray pile of Derrynane.

It is an ancient, spacious house, with its court and wings, its chapel and lookout, its stables and shrubberies. To reach it from the fair land of Killarney requires a day or two of rough jolting over uncouth roads: one goes by roaring cataracts, by wonderful precipices, through gorges, across the breezy Kenmare; rocky ranges rise rough and grand at intervals before you; the eye sometimes, but rarely, lights on meadows of the richest, greenest green; Turk Lake lies imbedded in profusest foliage; Eagle's Nest rises boldly in the midst of bald eminences; black cliffs confront you; Nature here wears her sternest and most forbidding aspect.

Yet, when an Irishman wishes to make a patriotic pilgrimage, his thoughts turn to the desolation of Derrynane. Derrynane is the Irish Mount Vernon, the Irish St. Paul's, the Irish Potsdam. For at Derrynane lived the kingliest of modern Irishmen—Ireland's would-be Washington; who towered above all others of his race and time in intellectual greatness and in country-loving ardor, as he towered, in a drawing-room, in physical stature, above the men about him; he whom Irishmen loved to call "the glorious counselor"—Daniel O'Connell.

Ireland has her centennial this year as well as America. DANIEL O'CONNELL was born on the 6th of August, 1775. On the 6th of



August, a century has gone since he saw the light. Nor can we doubt that Ireland will celebrate the event as lustily and lovingly as we celebrate the birth of our own Revolution. O'Connell, the patrician heir of Derynane, with a descent more ancient than the Howards and the Talbots, may be said to have almost been himself a revolution personified. It is nearly thirty years since the "glorious counselor," while on a pious pilgrimage to Italy, died in that distant land—a prey to age, to disappointment, and to despair. But time has blotted out the remembrance of the neglect and chagrins of his later years: the ingratitude of his countrymen killed his body, but not his fame; and to-day no name is held in such reverence, honor, and love, as his, from one end of Erin to the other.

There never lived a conspicuous public man concerning whom more diverse judgments have been passed. The bitterest vituperations and the most extravagant eulogies were lavished upon him for twenty years. The English Tories denied his high birth, refused to admit his eloquence, scoffed at the purity of his patriotism, called him a ruffian, a brawler, and a speculator. The Irish really believed him to be a sort of demi-god. In their eyes there was no talent or excellence that he had not. We may, however, at this distance from the period of his stormy, fitful, but brilliant career, form perhaps a juster estimate than either his enemies, blinded by their fury, or his lovers, dazzled and delighted by his undoubted triumphs, could make.

O'Connell, though of good descent, was not of a rich family. At first he was destined for the Church, and studied at Douay and St. Omers. But just at that time the disabilities of the Catholics were so far relaxed that they were admitted to practise at the Irish bar. O'Connell saw that his forte was not in celebrating masses and hearing confessions, but in politics and the law. He set to work with a giant will—"bottled up" more law, says Sir Jonah Barrington, than any student of the day. His rise at the bar was very rapid. This century had scarcely got well on its way before he was acknowledged to be the first advocate in Ireland. He bore down juries with an impetuous eloquence which paled the fame of Curran, and fairly eclipsed Shiel. He used the law, in arguing to the judges, as a familiar and readily-wielded weapon. Then he began to be drawn into the maelstrom of politics. Soon he had the long and dreary tale of Ireland's wrongs at his fingers' ends. It began to be seen that O'Connell's sonorous voice and vehement gestures, his impetuous declamation and burning words, fired the Irish heart as none had done before. He became a patriot and an agitator. In 1809 he proposed in Dublin the formation of a patriotic committee. This soon grew to be that "Catholic Association" which afterward became the dread and terror of England, of king, lords, and commons, for many a year. O'Connell labored with all his Herculean might to make this body at once representative and irresistible. He drew within its fold peasants, peers, and priests; he extended its ramifications throughout Ireland; he established branches in every city

and town; he traveled from county to county, holding monster meetings, to win the warm support of the masses to his project; and, finally, by 1823, we find the Catholic Association meeting annually as a representative assembly in Dublin, assuming to be a sort of voluntary Parliament, and to express the demands of the Irish people upon English justice. It went so far, under O'Connell's vigorous lead and inspiration, as to receive petitions to have a census taken and to levy what was called the "patriotic rent," in every parish throughout the land; and its decrees were read by the priests from the altars of the churches, and even by bishops from their cathedral thrones. It had its organs among the newspapers, and the speeches of O'Connell and Shiel were scattered broadcast by the medium of these and of pamphlets. The immediate object aimed at by O'Connell and his "Parliament" was Catholic emancipation.

So powerful had the Catholic Association become in 1825, that George IV. and his ministers were fully aroused to the dangers it threatened. To grant its demands was, in their eyes, absolutely impossible; George could not foresee that in four short years they would be forced upon his most unwilling acceptance by so stout and stubborn a Tory as the Duke of Wellington. The Liverpool cabinet resolved to suppress the Association. An act was passed prohibiting it for three years; but O'Connell had not forgotten his law. A new society was formed in such a manner as to evade the act. It was ostensibly devoted to the cause of education. "Every week," says Sir Erskine May, "a separate meeting was convened, purporting to be unconnected with the society. Fourteen days' meetings and aggregate meetings were also held; and at all these assemblies the same violent language was used, and the same measures adopted, as in the time of the original society."

The act expired, and straightway O'Connell revived the old Catholic Association. The same agitation and strategy were resorted to as before. This time it had its effect. The Liverpool cabinet had vanished, and Canning's; the Duke of Wellington guided the helm of state. In 1828, he carried through a bill abolishing the test and corporation oaths which had excluded Dissenters from office. He gave indications of yielding to the Irish clamor. Meanwhile the parliamentary seat for Clare became vacant. O'Connell, backed by the Association, put himself into the field as a candidate. He was not yet eligible to the House of Commons; his shrewd object was to give point and stress to the agitation, to swell the storm he had raised into a tempest, about the ears of Wellington and his colleagues. The priests led the peasants to the polls, and O'Connell was triumphantly chosen over Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the ministers. Worse than this, it was found that the Catholic soldiers stationed in Ireland could not be trusted to resist the mob. The Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, his ablest and most powerful lieutenant, were now convinced that to grant Catholic emancipation had become a necessity. O'Connell demanded his seat in Parliament as

his right, and as the right of the Irish people.

A grave obstacle remained to be overcome in the obstinacy of the king. George IV., unfortunately, grew weaker instead of wiser, as he waxed older. He talked about his coronation oath, and his "revered father," and threatened to "go to the baths abroad, and thence to Hanover." "I'll return no more to England," he said; "let them get a Catholic king in Clarence." When at last he was forced to yield, with the terror of revolution before his eyes, he took care to vent his ill-nature upon every one who supported the measure, cutting bishops and lords at his levees. Wellington, having first carried a bill suppressing the Catholic Association, pushed through another relieving the Catholics of their disabilities. This opened the doors of Parliament to members of that faith—not only Parliament, but all corporate, civil, political, and judicial offices, excepting those of the ecclesiastical courts, and the offices of regent, lord-chancellor, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

This great measure passed on the 10th of April, 1829. O'Connell at once claimed his seat for Clare under the new law; but as it only applied to elections had subsequent to its passage, he was excluded from its benefit. Declaring this to be an outlawry against himself, he hastened to Ireland to become again a candidate for Clare; and so great was the enthusiasm for him in a county which contained many Tories and Protestants, that he was reelected without opposition. His return to London was a series of triumphs. Everywhere the Irish demonstrated their joy by the wildest acclamations. He hurried on to the new arena of his ambition, sped by the most sanguine hopes of his people. Everywhere, in the bogs of Ireland, and the clubs of Pall Mall, men wondered what this big, broad-shouldered, loud-voiced, heavy-bodied Irishman would say and do. He had succeeded at the bar, and on the "stump;" he was the idol of the Irish; he could deal with them in their own rough, ardent way, and with their own extravagance of language. But on the forum of English gentlemen, in a body comprising illustrious statesmen like Peel and Russell, Oxford champions like Gladstone, scions of great houses like Althorp and Bentinck, lawyers like Denman and Sugden, how would he demean himself? Would he prove a brawler, or mayhap a buffoon? Would he be listened to, or coughed and hooted down?

O'Connell at least had courage and self-confidence. The whole Irish nation was at his back. A word from him would light the fire of insurrection. He held in his palm the alternative of peace or war. He felt that, when he spoke to the House of Commons, his words would have the weight of authority. From the moment that he opened his lips, there was no longer any question of his capacity to hold his own. The Tories obstinately refused him the palm of eloquence; but the Whigs, who did not like him, were forced to concede it, and all England felt that he was an orator of no ordinary power. He was a chief and leader in the House. He compelled the reformers to consult him. He made and unmade cabinets. When it suited his purpose, he could bring legislation to a dead-

lock; and this he did, whenever he saw that the interests of Ireland demanded it.

Emancipation did not satisfy his political digestion. His life was in agitation. Aware of his power alike in Ireland and at Westminster, he resolved to advance a long step farther. He now began to clamor for a repeal of the legislative union between Ireland and England. Finding that it was useless to draw the Whigs further in the advocacy of Irish relief, he dissolved his alliance with them, and started forth in a design to make Ireland so hot for the English that repeal would have to be conceded. He was now in the prime of his manhood, the maturity of his eloquence, and at the acme of his power over the Irish heart. He organized meetings, at which he appeared and spoke to thousands of his excited countrymen in the rich, rugged, and vehement style of which he was so complete a master. In the House of Commons he fearlessly braved the foremost English parliamentary orators; nor could his forensic battles with men like Palmerston, Stanley, Disraeli, and Peel, ever be forgotten by those who heard them. O'Connell had a powerful argument in favor of repeal, which he did not fail to use with great effect. The union had been effected by bribery, wholesale corruption, and utterly against the will of nine-tenths of the Irish people. Yet his crusade for repeal was a visionary and hopeless one. If it could not be accomplished under Liberal cabinets like those of Grey and Melbourne, there was little hope of forcing the Tories under Peel to listen to reason. To the threatening multitudes who flocked in town and country in Ireland to hear "the glorious counselor" speak, and to catch inspiration from his lips, the British Government had but one response—the army. For O'Connell himself were reserved criminal prosecutions and the threat of imprisonment. He fought gallantly, sturdily, for a while hopelessly; but he saw at last that the battle was a losing one, and it produced despair. Even the potato-rot did not help him; and, when he found that the result of his struggles was only to rivet the chains of national servitude the more rigidly upon Ireland, he threw up his mission, left Parliament, and wandered away to Italy to do penance for his sins, and to die!

O'Connell was a many-sided man. The idea that he was a rude and vulgar demagogue is entirely refuted, even from the mouths of English aristocrats, who knew, saw, and hated him. There are as many contradictory descriptions of him as there are of the first Napoleon, whom, by-the-way, he in certain qualities strikingly resembled. Crabb Robinson, speaking of him as he appeared in 1830, says he was "thick-set, broad-faced, and good-humored, and talked with an air of conscious superiority." In arguing before the Irish courts he usually betrayed "mildness of manner, address, and discretion;" and alike with judges, bar, and people, he seemed a sort of elephantine pot. He had a large, heavy, but by no means ungainly figure; a large, square face, illumined by great and expressive blue eyes; his nose was rather thin, with wide, sensitive nostrils; his lips thick, his smile genial and very winning.

Greville, a patrician cynic who rarely praises anybody, and who, in certain parts of his journal, is extremely severe on O'Connell, acknowledges that he was learned in historical and constitutional lore, and "a man of high moral character and great probity in private life." It must be confessed that another picture by Greville indicates the reverse of this; for in it O'Connell appears shameless and perfidious, cowardly and without conscience; yet even here Greville says that "nobody can deny him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and prudence," or that he is "a highly-active and imaginative being." In society the same chronicler describes O'Connell as "lively, well-bred, and at his ease."

Whatever the political vices and insincerities of O'Connell—and those who study his career without bias cannot but suspect that there was a great deal of the demagogue in him—in private life and in personal qualities there can be no doubt that he was generous, amiable, hospitable, and hearty. There was a time when he was revered and loved by nearly all Irishmen, Orangemen of the north included; when the Irish pride in him almost reached the height of idolatry. But yet Ireland at large did not know him as did the folk, especially the humble folk, of his own county, Kerry. There, indeed, he was a demigod. They, beyond all others, knew of his kindnesses and the genial warmth of his nature; not less confident were they in the vastness of his wisdom, and charmed by the vivacity and exuberance of his humor. Crabb Robinson once upon a time journeyed with O'Connell from Killarney to Derrynane. At one of the post-inns the car in which they were was approached by a very old woman indeed, who began to beg of the "glorious counselor."

"Why," said O'Connell, "you are an old cheat. Did you not ask me for a sixpence last time to buy a nail for your coffin?"

"I believe I did, your honor, and I thought it."

"Well, then, there's a shilling for you, but only on condition that you are dead before I come this way again."

The old woman began to caper about, crying:

"I'll buy a new cloak!"

"You foolish old woman," said O'Connell, "nobody will give you a shilling if you have a new cloak on."

The journey of O'Connell toward his domain was almost like a royal progress. "At several places," says Robinson, "parties of men were standing in lanes. Some of these joined us, and accompanied us several miles. Some of the men ran along by O'Connell's horse, and were vehement in their gesticulations and loud in their talk. First one spoke, then another. O'Connell seemed desirous of shortening their clamor by whispering me to trot a little faster. Asking, afterward, what all this meant, I learned from him that all these men were his tenants, and that one of the conditions of their hold under him was that they should never go to law, but submit all their disputes to him. In fact, he was trying causes all the morning."

When at last the English guest arrived in

the court-yard of hospitable Derrynane, he was charmed to see "the eagerness with which O'Connell sprang from his horse, and kissed a toothless old woman, his nurse."

The home-life of O'Connell at Derrynane was that of a well-to-do Irish gentleman "of the real old stock." Some of his habits there are well worth recalling. William Howitt represents him as appearing at breakfast habited in a reddish, well-padded dressing-gown, and a "repeal" cap of green velvet, with a narrow gold band. He had a table to himself at breakfast, and sat long at it, reading his newspapers and letters. At dinner, the company, whether of guests or only comprising the family, were entertained by the traditional piper, who stood apart in an alcove. O'Connell, as a good and zealous Catholic, had his own father-confessor, attached permanently to Derrynane on a comfortable salary—a jolly-looking priest, named Father O'Sullivan. "It somewhat startles you," says Howitt, "to hear, during the day, the sound of merry children's voices from the drawing-room, and, on entering, to behold, amid all the noise and childish laughter, the holy father walking to and fro, as if totally unconscious of the juvenile racket around him, with his breviary in his hand, muttering his prayers." At nine each morning the bell rang for mass, and family and servants gathered in the chapel. The round of amusements were not unlike those of an English squire's house. There were music and games within-doors, hunting, driving, and water-excursions without. "Nowhere," says Howitt, "does O'Connell appear to more advantage than in the midst of his own family. He seems to be particularly happy in his family relations; children, grandchildren, guests, and domestics, appear animated by one spirit of affection and respect toward him. It speaks volumes that, within doors and without in his own neighborhood, the enthusiastic attachment to him is greater than anywhere else."

As an orator, O'Connell undoubtedly ranked among the foremost of his time. He had all the exuberance and imagination of the Irish temperament, toned by a fine education, and yet tinged with an exaggeration which often made it more effective. It is true that he did not display himself at his best in the House of Commons. "There," says Sir Erskine May, "he stood at a disadvantage—with a cause to uphold which all but a small band of followers condemned as base and unpatriotic, and with strong feelings against him, which his own conduct had provoked; yet even there the massive powers of the man were not unfrequently displayed. A perfect master of every form of argument; potent in ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, rich in imagination and humor, bold and impassioned, or gentle, persuasive, and pathetic, he combined all the powers of a consummate orator. His language was simple and forcible, as became his thoughts; his voice extraordinary for compass and flexibility. But his great powers were disfigured by coarseness; by violence, by cunning, and audacious license. At the bar and on the platform he exhibited the greatest but most opposite endowments." It was well said of his

manner of expression by Shiel, who was long his Irish rival for eloquence in the House of Commons, that "he brings forth a brood of lusty thoughts, without a rag to cover them."

Twice O'Connell's violence brought him, despite his cunning, into the meshes of the law. The first time was in 1831, when he had begun and was carrying forward his violent agitation in behalf of repeal. He was arrested by order of the lord-lieutenant, on the charge of holding meetings in violation of the proclamation. O'Connell was not yet ready to brave English justice; and after entering a plea of not guilty, he withdrew it, and pleaded guilty. The government, on the other hand, dared not proceed further; and the agitator was not brought up for judgment. His second arrest and trial took place twelve years later, in 1843. Once more monster meetings had been held, and O'Connell is said to have addressed a quarter of a million people on the historic hill of Tara. His language was so violent and threatening that Sir Robert Peel, then prime-minister, resolved to bring the turbulent "counselor" once more to justice. He was arrested, with his son and some others, and indicted for conspiracy, sedition, and unlawful assembling. The trial attracted the eager attention of the three kingdoms. The court-room was guarded by soldiers, and the judge was escorted to and from his house by a strong force of red-coats. O'Connell defended himself with vigor, though he was now nearly seventy years of age; but, after a trial of over three weeks, he was sentenced to imprisonment for a year, a fine of two thousand pounds, and to give security for good behavior for a period of seven years.

The severity of this condemnation, however, had so serious and alarming an effect, not only among the Irish, but among the radical English, that the House of Lords, tempering its judicial severity with discretion, had the prudence to reverse the sentence on a writ of error; and after having been confined for four months, O'Connell found himself once more at liberty. He received an ovation at Dublin that seemed like old times. But he was old, and the government, rather by letting him free than by condemning him, had effectually shorn this Samson of Repeal of his locks. The cause of repeal was effectually dead; the magician had lost his art of magic; the great and tempestuous career of the "counselor" was over; and unhappily he survived not only his glory as a patriot, but the gratitude and trusting allegiance of the people for whom he had struggled so long and so doughtily.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

### GOETHE'S "FAUST."

IN the University Library at Heidelberg, Germany, the writer of this article found catalogued one hundred and twelve volumes, in the German tongue, all devoted to the better elucidation of Goethe's immortal poem, "Faust." The tendency of the German mind to look for something deep and difficult of comprehension, especially in the writings of their great national poet, seemed evident in

the massiveness and quality of the literature which gathered about this renowned drama. In Goethe's lifetime, the wonder had grown colossal among the critics as to what the purpose of the "Faust"-poem could be, and endless speculations made their appearance under this inquiry. Goethe, knowing the value of mystery as an element in fame, left the critics unaided, and even augmented their difficulty by confessing that he himself did not fully know its purpose. He withheld his sanction from each and every theory put forward; so the interest in "Faust" was kept in a living condition, and cumulative withal. After a perfect comprehension of any subject, we pass on to something else, no longer inspired by curiosity or the charm of mystery. It will be remembered that the First Part of "Faust" is the form of the poem most read, and likewise the part that is truest to the chief points of the mediæval myth on which the poem was founded. The Second Part, finished in the author's eighty-second year, though it uses largely the elements of the *saga*, has a marked departure from the plot thereof, especially as regards the destiny of Faust, who, according to all the legendary forms, went to hell at the close of his earthly career. The broad philosophy of the poet, in the Second Part, overrides the legend, in making for Faust a heavenly destiny at last, on the ground that he had never given up the struggle against evil, and that the errors, sins, and sufferings through which he had passed should naturally end in the salvation of his hero.

Goethe, when a youth and in love with Lilly, for a brief time entertained the idea of taking her in marriage and coming to America. Had he done so, it is not certain that "Faust," as a drama, would have been written; but, had he written in English and to an American public, there had been no great wondering about the purpose of his drama. The American would readily have seen and said: "Goethe is a poet who believes in working up the poetic material of his own nation in its honored past. Having already succeeded so marvelously on the road to fame by turning into drama the brave chronicles of Götz von Berlichingen, the 'Iron Hand,' the last of the lordly barons who stood valiantly for class prerogatives, how could he neglect the one gigantic myth of the Fatherland in whom the ages of magic and sorcery expired? His inevitable purpose was to convert the myth into an immortal poem, taking all the freedom in method which genius, in the great master, uses. We will see how he succeeded." Having thus settled the matter of purpose by reading the myth and the poem together, no library would have known afterward a hundred volumes, or a dozen even, which, like vessels fitted out to find Sir John Franklin in the arctic mysteries of snow and ice, should explore the fields of erudition to attain its *ultima finis*. Both the German and the American are, doubtless, compensated for their different tendencies.

Götz von Berlichingen, the warlike baron, died July 23, 1562, which gives him in chronology a later place than Faust occupied, though Faust was deemed the contemporary

of Luther. In 1525 he rode the weighty wine-cask out of Auerbach's cellar at the Leipzig fair—a cask which the physical force of the company present could not remove. As the light of the Reformation began to spread, the darkness of the preceding periods culminated and expired in Faust, showing that the deepest darkness just precedes the day. To what extent Faust was a personality, whether he was a man or wholly a myth, may not be determined to the satisfaction of all, but it is certain that he is a strongly representative person, that his name characterizes an epoch as real to Europe at one time as science is at the present day. I take the position that he was not a man, but a myth, claiming that the representative character he held as respects the conflict of humanity in the perfect form of the *saga*, first printed at Frankfort, 1587, one hundred and sixty-two years before Goethe was born, is strong evidence, if not fully conclusive, of this view. The fact, unquestioned by any, that all the characteristic stories that had in previous ages been told of other magicians became fastened on Faust, implies that the national imagination created him. The bewildering impossibilities which surround Faust disguise a central figure, who permanently stands for the darkness and doubt, the temptation, and varied antagonism, which encompass man on the battle-field of life; also for those diviner longings and idealizations which induce painful dissatisfactions with the actual limitations of life, whose walls none may escape. It is because each man and woman of the world is, in these respects, a little Faust, that the *saga* and the poem are of undying interest. Asia, from time immemorial, made the conflict inherent between matter and spirit.

The example of Goethe, at once so successful in working up the historical materials of his own country's past into the attractions of dramatic form, was productive of results in other lands: it led Walter Scott to immortalize the chivalric legends of his country in the middle ages both in verse and in story. The Waverley Novels are a success on the same line, as the great Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, gave us to understand in these words: "If genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe the prime cause of 'Marion' and 'The Lady of the Lake,' with all that has followed from the same gifted hand."

It will be remembered that Scott's first literary enterprise was the translation of the drama "Götz von Berlichingen," written when Goethe was twenty-three years of age.

Though this drama is easily translated and understood, it is far otherwise in the case of "Faust," as all translators confess. The subject lies very much in the weird realm of mystery and the occult powers; in the great and misdirected forces of the soul. It is the ambitious and false solution of the problem of life, ending, as all such attempts must forever end, in teaching the wisdom and goodness of the limitations of the natural laws against which the maddened ambition rebels. It teaches the futility of all leagues with the devil—that is to say, of all instrumentalities not morally sacred for winning the highest wisdom and happiness;



that the harmony between our sky and our earth, our ideals and our actual facts, can only come by well-directed efforts in so struggling against evil, whether it be within or without, as to secure the rightful conquest over it. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things"—the only solution worth trying for each and every form of the problem.

The Faust story reached the ears of Shakespeare, and was once recognized in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Marlowe, in England, had written a play about Faust, and different authors in Germany had attempted a transmutation into tragedy before the gifted Goethe lifted upon the mountainous *agony* the hand of a creator. Among them all one only made the grand success. The word Faust is now the eternal monument of Goethe's genius:

"Striving to be gods, the angels fell;  
Striving to be angels, men rebel."

Well may we glorify the wisdom of all natural orbits and spheres. In them all may shine and do shine, from seraph to glow-worm; out of them all are dimmed and broken at last.

Preserved, saved, is the member of the spiritual world who is persistent in his struggle against evil; thus teaches one of the closing stanzas of the Second Part of "Faust." "With joy the heavenly hosts go forth to meet him." As Faust rises from the terminus of his earthly pathway of error, sin, and repentance, up to heaven, the prologue to the First Part, which opens in heaven, seems to grow into truer consonance with the end.

If the devil in "Faust" is too much of a scholar and a gentleman in his accomplishments to answer the common conception, let it be remembered under what numerous forms of the more exterior refinements, not unfrequently of mental and social cultivation, the poison of moral evil lurks and disseminates itself. The wilds of grossness cannot retain Mephistopheles. He adapts himself to parlor, studio, and the professor's gown, in these modern times; knows habiliments of silk and broadcloth with golden ornaments, so that the symbols of lion, ass, poodle, and serpent, do not express all that appears in his manifoldness.

That "Nature is the living garment of the Deity," that the "spiritual world" (*Geistwelt*) "is not closed," except as the closed inner sense and the dead heart of man shut it out ("Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist tot"), and that the divine agency is incessantly active in weaving the texture of the living cosmos, are among the many exalted sentiments of this poem. The love of Nature which always distinguishes Goethe is displayed in not a few of its passages; it was his permanent consciousness that he was a part Nature, and in accord with its order and spirit.

In a former article\* I spoke of the first universal type of the human conflict with life's limitation in the character and acts of the first woman, Eve, the earliest aspirant for divine knowledge; in looking over the last two lines of the Second Part of "Faust," it is somewhat gratifying to find the great poet fully confessing to the high rank and

quality of the womanly influence in leading humanity to continually higher levels:

"Das Ewigweibliche \*  
Zieht uns hinan."

"The forever womanly  
Leadeth us upward and on."

Goethe, born at Frankfort, 1749, dying at Weimar, 1832, had a long term in which to work out a great series of literary and I may also say scientific results, for he was what his countrymen have always called him—the "Many-sided."

His genius was too calm to be tragic after the manner of Shakespeare; too serene to leave a display of dead bodies on the stage. But, without killing the body, life is often deeply tragical. To speak in metaphor, high mountains may be seen on his landscape, but not broken, wild, jagged, and volcanic, like the wildest of natural scenes. No Vesuvius or Niagara expresses him. Still, in temperament and variety, he may justly be compared to a mountain such as South America not unfrequently contains, and which in temperature runs up through all the latitudes and zones of the earth, bearing their respective flora on its sides, and lifting its summit high above its cloudy banners in the eternal light of sun and stars. His English biographer, I think, summed up quite happily the opinion of the highest grade of literary persons when he said, "Goethe was a poet whose religion was beauty, whose worship was of Nature, and whose aim was culture."

E. G. HOLLAND.

### CRUELTY TOWARD ANIMALS IN DAMASCUS.†

A FEW words about the street-dogs, as I have become very familiar with their habits and customs. In all Eastern towns they have sprung up from the time of the Creation; they multiply extensively, they belong to nobody, they are not held sacred, but, as they are the town scavengers, nobody kills them. In Brazil, the vulture, a large, black, repulsive bird, supplies the place of dogs, and is therefore protected by a twenty-pound penalty. With the Moslem it is a sin to take life, but it is allowable, or rather it is the practice, to torture, maim, and ill-use short of death. These poor brutes live on the offal of the town, they sleep in the streets, they bring forth their young on a mud-heap, and at a tender age the pups join the pack. They are ill-used by the whole population, and, like Ishmael, their hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against them. The people beat them, kick them, stone them, so that out of eighteen thousand you will not see a dozen

\* Pickering's second edition of the Second Part of "Faust," as completed in 1831 (London, 1842), translates the last stanza thus:

"CHORUS MYSTICUS.  
"All is of this earth's sphere  
Seeming alone;  
The insufficient here  
Being has grown.  
The indescribable,  
Here it is done;  
The virgin eternal  
Leadeth us on."

\* "Das Ewigweibliche"—the ever-compassionate—the eternally womanly—leadeth us on.

† From The Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land, from my Printed Journal, by Isabel Burton. London: 1875.

olders with a whole body, or four sound legs. They are so unused to kindness that if you touched one it would bite your hand off like a wild beast, supposing that you were going to injure it. Were you to remain alone in a bazaar at night, shut up with them, it is probable that they would attack you in a pack, and kill you. There is a story of a sea-captain who drank a little too much, and lay down in a public place. In the morning, only a gnawed bone or two, his sailor's cap and tattered clothes, told the horrible story. It is quite possible that this should happen, the animals are so starved. Their habits are regulated by laws of their own. I have grown, in the solitude of Salahiyyeh, to learn them. At night, when profound stillness reigns in the village, you suddenly hear a dog coming down from the Kurdish burial-ground on the roots of the mountains. He communicates some news to the dogs nearest the borders of the village. There is a chorus of barking; it ceases, and a single dog is commissioned to bear the news to the dogs of our quarter. They set up a howl, which ceases after a few minutes, and one of our lot is detached, and flies down the gardens to the dogs near the Báb Salahiyyeh. Whatever the canine news is, in about twenty minutes it is passed round to all the dogs of Damascus.

I cultivated the affections of those of our quarter, and found that in attachment and fidelity they differ in nothing from the noblest mastiff or most petted terrier; every time my husband or I went out, a dog was sent on guard by their community to accompany us to the border of his boundary, when he appeared to pass us on to a friend in the next boundary, to wag his tail for a bow, and to take his leave, as a savage chieftain would frank you from tribe to tribe. If a stranger comes, they set up a chorus of barking, and follow him in crowds. If a dog goes into another territory, all the others fly at and fasten on him, as if they said—"Who's that, Bill!" "A stranger." "Then 'eave 'arf a brick at him!" If an English dog comes among them, they bark around and try his mettle, and he has to settle the question for himself the first day, like a new boy at a public school. A butcher in Beyrout had an awful-looking English bulldog, which had an ugly reputation, and when he turned out, every pariah fled from the bazaar. I brought with me a St. Bernard pup, a perfect beauty, as big as a young calf. He was so unusually big that I have seen country donkeys and ponies shy at him, probably mistaking him for a wild animal; but the dogs were not afraid of him—he was so good-tempered that they used to worry him in packs, just like human beings. But the bull-terriers, though they were only pups, the street-dogs dared not even look at. They used to fly at the sight of the leopard, and the leopard worried them, but never touched the bull-pups. I established two caldrons to collect the leavings of the house—the good was given to the poor, the refuse to the street-dogs; not less than fifty used to live near, and crowd round our door. Every time I came out they formed a flock around me. There were two in particular that I used to compassionate—one was paralyzed in its hind-quarters, and used to drag itself along by the fore-paws. I one day rolled up some medicine in a ball of meat, and threw it to the poor creature, who swallowed it greedily, and got well. The other was a half-starved, mangy, idiotic-looking cur, with one eye, too weak to fight for itself. When the caldron of food came out it got nothing, so I used to set its portion apart. No matter when I went out, where, or for

how long, you would see these two poor misshapen beasts following, sitting patiently at a respectful distance if I stopped anywhere, and accompanying me home, as if they were afraid of losing sight of me, or fearing some accident might befall me without their protection. Long after I left Syria my neighbors wrote that it pained them to see my *protégé* there; that if they could forget me the dogs would shame them, that every time the house-door opened, the pack used to rush to it, and then sit and whine because I did not come out. You will say for the food. Yes; but it shows that they have affection, intelligence, gratitude, and memory.

There is a pious custom here to the benefit of the lower animals. When a good Moslem is on his death-bed, or when during life he wants a petition to be granted, he does not give to the poor, but he leaves a legacy for bread for the dogs. Often he makes a vow, "If I gain such and such a cause, I will devote so much money to feeding the *kilâb*:" and you often see some one with a basket surrounded by dogs, throwing the fragments until all is distributed. There is also the *Diyyet*; if a man kills a pariah it is hung up by the tail, and he is obliged to buy as much wheat as will cover the body up from muzzle to tip, which is made into bread and given to the dogs. My husband tells me that in former times, at home, the same penalty was paid for killing the king's cats.

My pupils led me into several scrapes. One day when the baker came, one and all seemed to take a dislike to him. I was on the house-top, so I saw only a very long man, apparently fighting with the air, screaming and spinning, in a cobweb-like pattern, all over the courtyard. I began to laugh, supposing he was dancing some new measure, or acting a play for the servants. Suddenly, I found to my horror that he had a bull-pup hanging to each arm and each leg. I flew down-stairs, called them off, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, and made him a present, especially a new suit of clothes. I was sincerely grieved and shocked, and he was very good, and never said a word more about the matter. Many people would have brought me to the tribunal. They never did such a thing before nor since. One, however, was a sneaking little thing, who secretly hated the Jews—I suppose she knew them by their dress. Some of them were very much attached to us, but the moment they came in she would go and sit by them, and when no one was looking she would take a sly bite at their legs, and then, instead of running away, sit looking the picture of innocence. None of the other three ever did so, and at first I would not believe them until they showed me the mark of her teeth. I was obliged to correct her, and ever after to shut her up when any of them called.

I scarcely know if this is a good moment to introduce an appeal for a "humane society" in Damascus; I believe it could easily be arranged if our consul-general would ask the Wali to favor the merciful project—if Europeans would form it, and make it rather a distinction to admit influential natives. While I was there I had to be my own humane society, and frequently was in trouble with the natives, caused by rescuing some unhappy brute from their cruelty. To set forth the necessity of the society, I must detail a few of the horrors I have seen. In doing so I shall rend the heart and excite the anger of my readers, especially of women of fine feeling—I will be judged by them. If they feel so much at reading these things, what must I have felt

at seeing them? In a place where no authority would take notice of such trifles, could I remain a passive spectator?

I lent our camel to groom No. 2. He had to ride seventy-two miles to Beyrout, wait two days, and return. He knew exactly how he would have been obliged to treat the animal in my presence. Presently I noticed a strange odor in the stables, and found that it did not eat, and that the tears streamed from its eyes. The man said it was fatigued, and would be all right in a few hours. I rode down to the town on the donkey, and then met one of our dragomans, who said to me:

"Do you know about your camel?"

"No; what is the matter? I have just seen it."

"When you ride back, make it kneel."

I rode back to the stable, called Hanna, and said:

"Make that camel kneel."

I removed the cloth that covered him, and to my horror saw a large hole in his back, uncovering the spine. It was already mortifying.

"Explain this!" I said.

The man confessed that he had never taken the saddle off from the time of going out to coming in again; that the stuffing had given way, and that the pommel, which is like a metal stick, had run into its back and caused a hole bigger than a man's fist; that he only discovered it on returning and taking the saddle off, some eight hours before. Hitherto he had only been guilty of disobedience, and proved himself not to be trusted with an animal out of one's sight; but his unpardonable cruelty was, after knowing the state of the case, hoping to hide the affair for fear of being discharged, and allowing the poor brute to remain in that agony many hours longer than necessary. I at once sent for the "vet.," and ordered warm water. Hanna returned with a saucepan of boiling water, and was about to pour it into the wound. I had kept my temper until then; I was only just in time to save the poor animal from what would have obliged us to put a bullet through its head. Hanna and the saucepan made a very speedy exit out of the stable, never to enter it again. I cured the camel, and after two months sold it for a trifle as unsound.

There was a small pariah dog that lived about my door. One night I heard a moaning under the window, but it was dark, blustering, and bitter cold, and I could neither see nor find any thing. In the morning I saw my *protégé* lying there paralyzed with the frost. The poor little thing was past cure, it had only one paw to crawl upon. While I was dressing to go down and take it in—for none of the servants would have touched it—I saw many who passed give it a kick, and the boys trying to drive it about when it could not crawl out of the way of their brutality. At last a crowd began to collect to torment it. Its screams were piteous. I begged my husband to go out and shoot it; but he had too good a reputation to risk it by taking life. My Moslem servants would not. The Christians were afraid of the former; so I got my little gun, threw up my window, and shot it dead. The crowd quickly dispersed, with many a *Mashâllâh* at my sinfulness, and all day I could see them telling one another, and pointing at my window.

Another night I heard cries of distress somewhere in the orchards near our house. Thinking it was one of the usual brawls, and that somebody was being killed, I seized the only thing at hand, a big English hunting-whip, and ran out in the direction of the noise. Then I perceived forty or fifty boys in a crowd

throwing huge stones as big as a melon against a dead-wall, from which issued howls of agony. I dispersed them right and left. Some fell down on their knees, others ran, and others jumped over the wall. I was left alone; it was very dark, and I said to myself, "Where can the victim be? It must have escaped in the confusion." I was going away, when I perceived something brown near the wall. I lit a match, and found a large bundle tied up in a sack. I thought perhaps it was a girl, or a baby, but it was a big pariah dog: they had caught it asleep, laid a huge stone on its tail, bundled head and fore-legs into a sack, and were practising the old Eastern habit of killing by stoning. The difficulty was, how to let the poor animal out: it would, perhaps, think that I had done the cruel act, and fly at me. However, I could not go back to sleep and leave things thus, so I mustered courage. Firstly, I cut the strings with my knife, and pulled it off the head and body, leaving the stone for my own protection; and then, finding that it did not hurt me, I managed with considerable effort to remove the weight. The wretch behaved better than many human beings—he crawled up, licked my hand, and followed me home.

I saw a donkey, staggering under a load fit for three, in a broiling sun. It passed our fountain and turned to drink. The man, grudging the moment, gave the donkey a push that sent it with a crash on the hard stones, crushed under its load, bleeding at the nose from thirst and over-exertion. Maddened by the loss of time this would entail, the owner jumped upon its head and tried to stamp its brains out with his wooden boots. The servants, hearing the noise, and seeing what I was about, thought the human brute had attacked me, and set upon him like hornets. I did not stop them till he had received his deserts. Then we obliged him to unload his donkey, to let the beast drink, to wash its wounds, and to wait while it ate barley from my stable. I also sent a servant on horseback to tell the whole story to his master. The fellow had acted, in fact, as a Lancashire "purrer" treats his wife.

A man brought me his favorite cat, with back and hind-quarters crushed by a boy, and asked me if I had any medicine to cure it. I said:

"Do let me have it killed; one of my servants will blow its brains out—it is horribly cruel to keep it alive one moment."

"May God forgive you such sinfulness!" he replied. "I will put it in a room, and let it die its natural death" (starvation).

Half an hour afterward I saw that the boys were torturing it in the street. I sent a servant to bring it in, and to dispatch it with a bullet. The man was very much shocked.

A boy brought a donkey to water at the fountain near our house. It was evidently worn out with fatigue and thirst, and had either a strained back or a disease in the loins, so that the suspicion of any thing touching its back was a terror to it. Every time the poor beast put down its head to drink the boy touched the tender place with a switch, which made the whole body quiver. It might have been a cabman establishing a "raw." I called a servant, who took the donkey away, letting it first eat and drink, and sent it back to the master. The boy was never sent again.

I saw a girl of about twelve or thirteen jumping on a nest of kittens on the road-side, evidently enjoying the distressing mewing of the mother. I have often seen boys steal pups in the mother's absence, carry them away perhaps for a quarter of an hour, play at ball with

them on the hard stones, and throw them down maimed and to starve. I have seen parents give pups and kittens to their children for this purpose, to keep them quiet.

The worst thing I saw was not done by a boy or by a brutal boor, but by an educated man, and, moreover, a European, in charge of an establishment at Beyrout. He used to tie up his horse, a good, quiet beast, and with a cow-hide thong beat its head, eyes, and the most tender parts for ten minutes. His sister used to ride the horse, but lately it had become fractious and ill-tempered through bad usage. Any one who understood animals could see that the poor brute's heart was broken from beating and starvation, or from inability to eat. The first time I saw this cruelty I "gave him a bit of my mind." My dragoman (Mulhem Wardi) held me back.

"For God's sake, Sitti, don't speak to him; he will strike you; he is a madman."

I begged him to consider his country, his profession, the European name before natives, his pretensions to be a gentleman.

"But look," he said, in a whining tone; "look what the horse is doing!"

The poor beast was standing quite quiet, with despair in its eyes. I could not speak politely.

"You make me sick, sir. Your horse is broken-hearted—it hasn't even the courage to kick you."

He then said that he was of too nervous and sensitive a disposition; and I told him that in that case he ought to be locked up, for that he was a dangerous man to have charge of a public institution. I told his consul-general what had occurred, and he agreed with me that it was a scandal that pained the whole community; but it was not an official matter which could be reported to the ambassador. I heard afterward that he had lost his appointment for roughness to those under him. It was a thousand pities, for he was a clever professional. I heard a story that is not bad if true—but I will not vouch for it—that a person with a sense of humor sent for him, but put a loaded revolver on the table close to hand.

"What is that for?" said the horse-torturer.

"Oh, that," said the person, "is in case you get one of your nervous and sensitive attacks while you are attending on me!"

It was added that this episode did him good.

I was walking one day through the village of Bludán, our summer quarter in the Anti-Lebanon, and I saw a skeleton donkey standing near a cottage, holding up one foot, of which the hoof was hanging by a mere thread.

I called to some of the villagers.

"Whose animal is that?"

An old woman came out and claimed it as her property.

"How came that about?" I asked, pointing to the foot.

"Well, I don't know, Sitti. Hard work over the stones."

"Why is it so thin?"

"You see it could not work any more, and we couldn't afford to keep it idle, so we turned it out, and these four months it has only had what it can pick up on the mountain."

(The mountain was as bare of vegetation as my paper.)

"What are you going to do with it?"

"We had arranged to-night to drive it out on to the mountain, and tie it to a stone, and then the wolves will come and eat it."

"Alive?" I asked, in horror.

"Why, yes, Sitti," she said, looking at me

as if I were an imbecile. "Who could carry it there if it was dead?"

"Will you sell it to me for twenty-five piastres (fifty pence)? If I can cure it, the luck is mine; if I can't, my money is lost."

To this she joyfully agreed, though she could hardly help laughing in my face at what she supposed to be my knowledge of ass-flesh.

I paid my money, and drove home my donkey, but it was so weak that two hours on its three legs were required to reach our garden close by. I need not say that its last days were happy. A thick litter was spread in a soft, shady place under the trees; a large tub of fresh water, and another of tبن and corn, stood by it during the rest of its time; its hoof was washed, bandaged, and doctored daily. It grew fat, but the vet. discovered that a young hoof had begun to grow, and that from total neglect the worms had eaten it away. There was no hope that it could ever move from that spot, so I had it shot, which the villagers thought very sinful. They admired the mercy, but they never could understand the necessity of putting an animal out of its misery.

I will not quote any more cases. What I have said will suffice to show the daily occurrences of this kind, the brutality of the lower orders, and the utter indifference of the better classes. Every person of good feeling will know what a trial it is to witness acts of cruelty and oppression, especially when exercised upon women, children, and dumb brutes. I respect the Moslem's thorough regard for the sanctity of life, which among us, perhaps, is too little regarded.\* In Europe I should have complained to the police. But here there is no legal penalty for barbarous acts, and one must often become one's own police. But, right or wrong, I could not, and I never will, remain a quiet spectator of brutality. I would rather lose the esteem of those who are capable of condemning me. People of delicate health, selfish dispositions, and coarse minds, can always bear the sufferings of others placidly. These will probably disapprove of me, but I can bear it.

I am sorry thus to be my own trumpeter, and to tell how much good I did; but on these occasions I have sat with and explained to the offenders why these acts are so sinful and shameful, how Allah made the animals, gave them to our care, recommended them to our mercy, and expects an account of our stewardship; how faithful, patient, and long-suffering the poor dumb thing is; how dependent on our will; how it has all the toil, too often starvation and bodily injuries, at our hands. I often wonder what the brutes must think of the human race, and what a disappointment many of us "higher animals" must be to the lower. The people have listened and thought, and said, "Sitti, I never heard all this before, and I really will try not to do it again;" and they deserve the high praise not only of understanding me, but of allowing themselves to be guided by a woman and a stranger.

During the last fifteen months of our residence no cruel acts took place near my house at Salahiyyeh, or at our summer quarter above Bludán. I maintain that if a society "for the prevention of cruelty to animals" were established at Damascus it would quickly bring its own reward.

\* My husband tells me this story of the South American gaucho:

"Juan, why did you cut Pedro's throat? He was an old cham of yours."

"Ah, señor, the pobrecito had a bad cold, and so I put him out of his misery."

## THE AULD WIFE.

THE world has had enough, auld man,  
Enough o' thee an' me:

'Tis time that we had gane frae it  
To meet our bairnies three  
That gaed frae us aae lang, lang syne  
In twa wat, bitter Mays.  
Ah! Duncan, i' the kirk-yard lies  
The sunlight o' our days.

We mony a silky fleece can claim  
Withi' the bieldin' fauld;  
Our sheld cow leads a sleekit herd  
When loanin' time is called;  
High-heapit bings they tell for us  
At our gay, routhie kirns:  
Fu' store o' winter cheer ha'e we  
Whilst winter ingle burns.

I' Rutherglen thou'st steekit enough  
O' gowd for thee an' me,  
An' we should live a score o' years  
That we shall never see.  
An', better still, we ha'e, auld man,  
Some tried an' trusty frien's  
To gi'e us greetin' at their doors,  
An' welcome to their bens.

But, Duncan, we are stooped an' gray,  
As we were unco poor;  
An' had na rief to tent without  
Nor wair withi' the door;  
An', though we lo'e ilk ither weel,  
The time gae lang an' lane,  
An' the eerie croone cooms sabbin' aft  
For the nestlin's that are gane.

Oh! the hungry heart can na' be filled  
Wi' frien'ship nor wi' bread,  
That's langin', langin' evermair  
For the luve o' ane that's dead.  
An' we ha'e sought thro' creepin' years  
Our grim dool's counter-bane,  
Till we gae stiff an' sair wi' toil—  
Yet here's the same auld pain.

An' tho' we've ilk for ither tried  
To play the cheerin' part,  
An' hide, by smilin' o' the lips,  
The weepin' o' the heart;  
Yet ilk kens that the ither lo'es  
Far mair the gowan's snaw  
Upo' three little kirk-yard groes  
Than a' the hadden brow.

That we are weary bidin' now  
Our darlin's we maun show;  
But shall aae gae alane aboon  
Whilst the ither left below?  
Oh, wad the mornin' sun might light  
Our twa brows quit o' care,  
Whilst our twa souls our bairnies elapied  
Where partin' cooms na mair! \*

L. A. W. S.

\* GLOSSARY. — *Wat*, wet; *bieldin'*, sheltering; *sheld*, speckled; *sleekit*, sleek; *bings*, heaps of farm-produce; *routhie*, plentiful; *kirns*, harvest-suppers; *steekit*, shut up, stored; *bens*, inner apartments; *rief*, plenty; *tent*, watch, take care of; *wair*, to use; *croone*, moan; *dool's*, sorrow's; *gowan's*, daisy's; *groes*, graves; *hadden*, a piece of land, the stocking of a farm, the furniture of a house; *brow*, fine, handsome; *bidin'*, awaiting; *maun*, must; *aboon*, above.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have sometimes taken occasion to say that the corruption in official places so prevalent in our country is not a crime peculiar to the United States, nor one due to democratic institutions. We are glad to find the *New York Evening Post* uttering similar views. Of course it was not our purpose, nor is it the purpose of our contemporary, to defend the malfeasances of our public men, or in any way to weaken the public detestation of crimes of this character. But so many people are prone to believe that Tammany rings and Crédits Mobiliers are special outcomes of democratic governments, and consequently to take an altogether gloomy view of the future of our country, that it is well to look into the records of other nations, and see if history justifies this opinion or these apprehensions. That speculation has been rife in Russia, the most monarchical of countries, is well known; it is also known that France under the despotic rule of the late Napoleon was really rotten to the core in all its political life. Great Britain, however, presents a very different picture; and that country lies so close to us socially and politically that the unhandsome contrast our public records exhibit causes, naturally, no little chagrin—many of us forgetting all the time how different a story until recently the mother-country had to tell. The *Post*, in the article we have referred to, refreshes the memory of its readers with a few facts in evidence that political profligacy is not the offspring of popular institutions. Our readers will be glad to have us reproduce them:

"Walpole's habit of buying up members of Parliament, which gave rise to his famous maxim that 'every man has his price,' and which was so openly followed that his agents stood at the door of the House with bags of guineas in their hands to be given to the serviceable voters, is well known. But this shame, as May reports, was carried to greater perfection by Pelham, under George II., and was continued under George III. Lord Bute kept a special pay-office in the Treasury, where the members who supported his measures flocked for their rewards. Sometimes he distributed as much as a hundred thousand dollars in this way in a single day. His mode of raising loans was to assign a large part to the members at ten per cent. discount from the market price. Of one of these, amounting to fifteen million dollars, more than a million went to those who voted for it. . . . Lord Grenville was no less profuse in his gratuities and bribes, and so unrestrained that a gift to his supporters came to be regarded as 'a customary compliment.' Lord North's loan of sixty million dollars, to carry on the iniquitous and disastrous American War, was one-half of it assigned to the House at a profit of over four millions. . . . Another mode of securing votes was by the grant of lucrative contracts to members and their friends, by which the people were robbed and stupendous private

fortunes accumulated in the course of a few months.

"But the people who elected these members were just as corrupt as their representatives. Elections to Parliament were made either by boroughs, which were owned by certain noble lords, or by open sale in the market. Those members sent from the boroughs were the mere slaves of their patrons, voting with them always, or voting against them at the cost of their political lives. Those who succeeded by purchase were the slaves of others who advanced them the money. Popular elections were, in fact, not a conflict of principles, but a rivalry of great houses for the mastery. The Duke of Portland once spent forty thousand pounds in contesting a district, and Lord Spencer on another occasion spent seventy thousand. Contested elections have been known to cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was all laid out, of course, in hiring editors and agents, and debauching the electors. The Nabob of Arcot, though a foreign prince, owned eight members of the House of Commons, and even so pure and virtuous a man as Sir Samuel Romilly bought a seat, as the only way in which an independent man, or a man of convictions, could attain influence in the councils of his country. 'The practice is detestable,' he said, 'but it is better than belonging to some great lord.' The price of seats ranged from two to ten thousand pounds. They were often bought on speculation, and the buyer expected to realize the purchase-money again out of the sale of his votes. Compared with these flagitious transactions, our Crédit Mobilier scandals sink into insignificance; even Tweed's efforts at 'statesmanship' dwindle into contempt; and the Canal and Indian rings, which fill us with horror, are Lilliputian imitations of a Brobdingnagian model."

Every reader of history is familiar with these facts, but many readers of history are prone to forget them. It may be said that these citations lose their force because the corruption they refer to belongs to a past period; that now, although parliamentary elections are by no means without stain, it is yet very rare that we hear of bribery in Parliament, or of official malfeasance of any kind. But, in truth, if the appalling condition of affairs described in the extract from our contemporary has nearly ceased to be, this circumstance is full of consolations for us—it indicates what can be accomplished in the way of reform almost within the period of one sovereign's reign, and it shows that democracy cannot tend to a decay of probity, inasmuch as the great reforms in affairs in Great Britain have come about at the very period when republican and liberal ideas have been advancing, and while aristocracy has been losing something of its supremacy.

The change wrought in England has been really almost marvelous. There was a time when its better men doubted whether it would be possible for English society to survive the current bribery and corruption; but the change came, and this fact ought to inspire all honest Americans with the assurance that it is possible to create a public sentiment which shall reach so thoroughly through all classes,

that speculation in any of its forms would not dare to trifle with it. In some particulars our methods need reforming: the primary meeting and the caucus should be shorn of their powers, and the opportunities to do mischief must be brought down to their minimum; but these reforms of method will come, we may be assured, in due time, if the public feeling against public corruption, already well aroused, be strengthened and organized. If all those people who look upon our future so despairingly will take, in view of the lessons of history, a more hopeful survey of affairs—will but recognize that a little prolonged effort and struggle will assuredly in the end clean the Augean stables of our political life—we shall soon be able to make all the scandals of the day matters of by-gone history, just as the English have all the shameful doings of their Parliaments a generation or two ago.

Those who advocate phonetic spelling are accustomed to assert that the opposition to it comes almost exclusively from men past middle age. Youth is ever hospitable to new ideas, they affirm, while age becomes fixed in its ruts of habit and prejudice. What if this be true? Inasmuch as life and living, so far as we can measure them, consist solely of relation and association, why is it not only perfectly natural but absolutely necessary for our well-being that the associations out of which our existence is built up should be tenaciously held to? What sort of life would that be in which, day by day, every thing must be newly learned, and one's whole garner of impressions be ceaselessly undergoing metamorphosis and reconstruction?

Every one, no matter how firmly wedded to the established orthography, must admit that his dislike to changes in the spelling of words arises from long familiarity with them in their present guise. There is no fundamental reason, in most cases, why the forms of words should not take some other shape, and in many instances good reason why proposed alterations should be made. It is simply because one's eye has been long trained to recognize words by a certain definite combination that a change is resented. While this is all true, the assumption that this training, this habit of mind, is some light thing that could be and ought to be thrown off upon the first demand, is a serious mistake. Habit of mind makes up the existence of mind. Life consists of memories, associations, experiences, and impressions, all growing out of its relationship to the things about it. If mind have any fibre, any power of retention, any form of settled action, it cannot fall under the dominion of every new theory brought before it. If it were possible to live in a state of mental celibacy, with the mind

wholly unwedded and unrelated to its surroundings, then a man could become a Turk by going to Constantinople, an Arab by a sojourn in the desert, a Celestial by a visit to Peking. It is, therefore, simply absurd to make the tenacity of one's habits a matter of reproach. It would be rather trying to one's comfort to be under the necessity of training the palate for new flavors at every dinner; or to find it necessary to undergo a distinctly new experience and adjustment every time a new garment is put on; and equally vexatious would it be to find in every new book strange and unknown combinations of letters. It is certain that the letter *c* is pretty nearly useless in the language, as it has, except in its connection with *h* (as in *ch*), always either the sound of *k* or of *s*. But a book printed with this letter omitted, *kan* always turning up for *can*, *sent* for *cent*, and so on, would seem to everybody greatly disfigured. We are told that we should get used to changes of the kind. Not altogether. For many years now we in America have been printing *color*, and words of like termination, with *u* omitted, but so tenacious are early impressions that to this day we, for our part, never see the word *color* without feeling that somehow all the color has been taken out of it. And "getting used to it" is no defense of a change in established usages. One might teach himself to become a Turk, or to get used to a Mongolian diet, or to like Carlyle's English, or to undo all his sum of likings and dislikings, and take upon himself a new entity, as it were; but why should he do so? In some things he is compelled into new relationships—there is a gradual change going on in all organisms, in all mundane things—and these inevitable changes are enough without any forcing processes.

If men grow with their years more and more tenacious of accustomed methods, this is only because experience has taught them the advantage of established forms. And if it has sometimes happened that men beyond middle age have too stubbornly resisted a new thought, an investigation into the facts would show, we are convinced, that the wise negative of advanced age has far more often saved society from injudicious novelties than it has checked genuine progress.

If we venture upon a word or two in regard to the summer vacations, it is not with the intention of assuming the self-appointed office of instructor and guide. It is always difficult to understand why there must be exhibited so much irritation by those who adopt one kind of recreation against those who have other ideas of enjoyment. Because one likes the seclusion and quiet of a farm-house in his summer rest, why must he look down with such lordly contempt upon

those who find pleasure in the bustle and animation of Long Branch or Saratoga? He should see that, if everybody was in search of secluded and quiet farm-houses, he would have to pay very much more for his coveted privileges, and find in the thronged neighborhood resulting that his seclusion and quiet had both taken their places among the lost arts. Let each taste have its sway. Because a man likes his regular dinner and must have a spring-mattress to sleep upon, he needn't growl so fiercely at those who attain health and find amusement by roughing it in the Adirondacks. One may detest fishing, without setting down all who go a-fishing as so many fools. The bee finds honey often in the most unpromising flowers; and there are human natures capable of extracting pleasure from all kinds of conditions.

Now, if we were to follow the example of many of our contemporaries, and flower into advice, admonition, and instruction, in this matter of summer recreation, we should be tempted to apply the too-many-times-quoted advice of *Punch* on the marriage question, and say—don't! For, after all, are these summer vacations all that poets and newspaper correspondents from the watering-places assert them to be? Do people return from their vacations as refreshed as their hopes had promised and the theories of vacations had held forth? In many instances there is a great strain of exertion previous to a vacation in order to snatch from pressing business the time necessary for the planned expedition; and a corresponding excess of labor after the vacation is over in order to bring up and adjust the business accumulated in the interim of pleasure. And a period of enforced idleness abruptly and sharply thrust into the routine of labor is apt to throw the pleasure-seeker off his balance—he either attempts too much, and returns from his vacation exhausted and fagged, or, in a reaction from excessive application, becomes unnerved in wistful and uncertain idleness. In both of these cases each takes his tonic of rest and pleasure in too strong and condensed a dose. It would be better with each if the vacation had been distributed through the summer-season—a sail of two or three hours one day, a whole or a half day's fishing upon another occasion, an excursion to the sea-shore or to the mountains a third time, and so on. This division of one's pleasures would keep them always fresh and attractive; there would be no excessive fatigue, no weariness, none of the *ennui* which sometimes overtakes the pleasure-seeker in spite of himself. The recreation would be interwoven, as it were, with one's occupation—would give to each day or week its relish, and make of summer a sort

of lasting *fête*. It is in human nature to weary of unbroken pleasure, just as it does of unbroken labor, while each derives a felicity from its contrast with the other. We may be sure, therefore, that he who succeeds in carrying his pleasures and his rests along parallel, as it were, with his duties—who doesn't plunge into a month of holidays at one season, at the expense of excessive labor all the rest of the year—is really deriving from his recreations the best attainable results. This, however, is simply our view of the matter. As we said at the beginning, let each taste have its own course. We are content that men and women shall follow the bent of their minds; but if any of our readers deplore a necessity which excludes them from the watering-places and the long tour to the Adirondacks or the White Mountains, they may be assured that a vacation broken up into little episodes in the way we have suggested would not be without its ample rewards and its abundant charms.

THE English have always been a dining and wining people. Dr. Johnson's hearty "I like to dine, sir," was but the echo of a chorus of centuries of burly *bons-vivants*. Alfred's feasts were doubtless no less lusty, though it is to be hoped they were less scandalous, than those of "Gentleman George," at Carlton House. An English novel without the literary hospitality of a series of dinner-parties scattered through its pages would be a rash venture. Fancy Dickens's or Thackeray's stories without their feasts, solid and substantial, their jovial wine-passing and punch-drinking, their facetious, after-dinner speech-making! Imagine what even the plays of Shakespeare would be without the revels of *Timon* and *Macbeth*, of *Sir John Falstaff* and *Sir Toby Belch*, the gorgeous banquets of the Plantagenets, the merry-making of the gay folk of the comedies! Of how many humorous English stories is the dinner-table the central scene! The English idea of hospitality is to hurry the guest to Pall Mall to dinner. If an Englishman dines you, it is because he wishes to do the right and proper thing by you, to honor your social credentials, to compliment at once the introducer and the introduced. If he asks you to breakfast, it is because he personally likes you. The two invitations may be compared to the kiss upon the forehead and the kiss upon the lips: the one means respect, the other affection. So it is that the English of all ranks and conditions, in every highway and by-way of life, smooth their path and speed their way with gastronomic lubrications. When a joint-stock company seals a large contract; when a father betrothes his daughter; when a son comes of age; when

the good-natured uncle or the adventurous brother goes for a journey; when a ship comes home laden with fortune; when statesmen meet for the session, or part for the grouse-shooting; when dusky potentates visit the English shore; when "glorious Apollos" inaugurate their president; when a play is to be brought out; when a long-languishing, wealthy aunt dies at last, and leaves Jenkins her fortune—on all such occasions the English hasten to get their legs under the mahogany, and discuss this or that event, leisurely and ruminatingly, over the walnuts and the wine. It is just at this midsummer period that the season of English dining reaches its acme. The lord-mayor, the ideal British host, is feasting the bishops and the ministers, worshipful companies of fishmongers, and the royal Arab from Zanzibar. Ere long Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues will discuss the victories and mishaps of the session, over whitebait and fine old crusted port, at Greenwich. The Star and Garter is the scene of perpetual revel, while in many a quaint old city tavern heavy men of moneyed interests are comparing notes with the aid of barons of beef and choice vintages. The fashionable season thus ends, as it began, with contenting the lusty British palate, and warming cockles of the British heart.

An eminent Englishman of science reports, after careful investigation, that the physical stamina of the children employed in factories is steadily deteriorating. The number of those who are unfit to work on full time is increasing. This is attributed less to the hard labor these poor little creatures have to undergo than to the wretched habits of the factory operatives. Too early marriages, slovenliness, intemperance, want of proper open-air exercise, and the excessive use of tobacco, are noted as main causes of the deterioration. Whatever the causes, the fact is an alarming one. It is a serious question whether children should be allowed to engage in exhausting factory-labor at all—whether the devotion to this hard work from an early period is not itself a prominent cause of the bad habits observed. But, if children are to be so employed, there is no doubt that their hours of labor should be limited; and a further duty is cast on the mill-owners. This is, to so look after the habits of their operatives that the children may have a chance of entering upon their cheerless life-work with tolerably good constitutions. In Germany parents are not allowed to derive any income from the labor of their children until they have had a thoroughly good schooling, and have grown wellnigh to manhood and womanhood; the consequence is, that Germany contains both the healthiest and most efficient race of laboring young men and women in

the world. The English law is as yet notoriously deficient in protecting the health and condition of the children of the manufacturing districts; and, unless more vigorous reforms are made, the prospect is that factory-labor will become more weak and more scarce, while the bill for parish relief will become a heavy burden to the tax-payer and a discouragement to the philanthropist.

### Literary.

THE third volume of Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States"\* is devoted to myths and languages. It is not so interesting, perhaps, to the general reader as the earlier volumes, but it marks a new stage in Mr. Bancroft's great work, and deals with a higher order of phenomena. In it we pass the frontier which separates mankind from animal-kind, and enter the domain of the immaterial and supernatural; phenomena which philosophy purely positive cannot explain. We contemplate the Indian, not simply as a wild though intellectual animal, struggling with its environment, but as a human being, possessed of the faculty of speech, and groping after an explanation of the eternal mysteries of life, death, and futurity.

This volume shows the same patient industry, the same affluence of materials, and rather more than the literary skill of the two preceding ones. Mr. Bancroft seems to acquire self-confidence as he advances; facility has come by practice; and a certain crudeness of expression, which was noticeable in the opening volume, has now entirely vanished. Indeed, some of the chapters in the present volume are models of what compilation should be: the expositions are clear, the narrative animated, and the style picturesque and pleasing.

The first and larger part of the volume is assigned to "Myths"—under which general term Mr. Bancroft includes the various religions or cults of the Pacific tribes, their moral and political maxims, and their historical traditions and legends. All these are classified under "Creation Myths," or such as deal with the origin and end of things; "Physical Myths;" "Animal Mythology," "Gods, Supernatural Beings, and Worship;" and myths of the "Future State." The creation myths, like those of all barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples, are strangely grotesque and puerile—an animal being represented as the creator in most of them. Some of them, however, indicate a dim perception of physical laws; and a few hint at the idea of a supernatural god operating through natural agencies. Mr. Bancroft has not attempted to classify these myths, and any description would be inadequate; so we will content ourselves with a single favorable specimen, taken from the traditions of the Southern California nations:

"Two great beings made the world, filled it with grass and trees, and gave form, life,

and motion to the various animals that people land and sea. When this work was done, the elder Creator went up to heaven and left his brother alone upon the earth. The solitary god left below made to himself men-children, that he should not be utterly companionless. Fortunately, also, about this time, the moon came to that neighborhood; she was very fair in her delicate beauty, very kind-hearted, and she filled the place of a mother to the men-children that the god had created. She watched over them, and guarded them from all evil things of the night, standing at the door of their lodge. The children grew up very happily, laying great store by the love with which their guardians regarded them; but there came a day when their heart saddened, in which they began to notice that neither their god-creator nor their moon foster-mother gave them any longer undivided affection and care, but that instead the two great ones seemed to waste much precious love upon each other. The tall god began to steal out of their lodge at dusk, and spend the night-watches in the company of the white-haired moon, who, on the other hand, did not seem on these occasions to pay such absorbing attention to her sentinel-duty as at other times. The children grew sad at this, and bitter at the heart with a boyish jealousy. But worse was yet to come: one night they were awakened by a querulous wailing in their lodge, and the earliest dawn showed them a strange thing, which they afterward came to know was a new-born infant, lying in the doorway. The god and the moon had eloped together; their Great One had returned to his place beyond the ether, and that he might not be separated from his paramour, he had appointed her at the same time a lodge in the great firmament, where she may yet be seen, with her gauzy robe and shining, silver hair, treading celestial paths. The child left on the earth was a girl. She grew up very soft, very bright, very beautiful, like her mother; but, like her mother also, oh, so fickle and frail! She was the first of womankind, from her all other women descended, and from the moon, and as the moon changes so they all change, say the philosophers of Los Angeles."

It will be seen from this that, however defective they may be as cosmogonies, the myths of these native races are not destitute of poetry. In fact, a striking poetic undertone pervades nearly all the myths which attempt an explanation of physical phenomena; in illustration of which we quote the following pretty story of the Yosemite nations, as to the origin of the names and present appearance of certain peaks and other natural features of their valley:

"A certain Totokónula was once chief of the people here; a mighty hunter and a good husbandman, his tribe never wanted food while he attended to their welfare. But a change came: while out hunting one day the young man met a spirit-maid, the guardian angel of the valley, the beautiful Tisayac. She was not as the dusky beauties of his tribe, but white and fair, with rolling, yellow tresses, that fell over her shoulders like sunshine, and blue eyes, with a light in them like the sky when the sun goes down. White, cloud-like wings were folded behind her shoulders, and her voice was sweeter than the song of birds; no wonder the strong chief loved her with a mad and instant love. He reached toward her, but the snowy wings lifted her above his sight, and he stood again alone upon the dome, where she had been.

\* The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume III. Myths and Languages. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



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"No more Totokónula led in the chase or heeded the crops in the valley; he wandered here and there like a man distraught, ever seeking that wonderful, shining vision that had made all else on earth stale and unprofitable in his sight. The land began to languish, missing the industrious, directing hand that had tended it so long; the pleasant garden became a wilderness where the drought laid waste, and the wild beast spoiled what was left, and taught his cubs to divide the prey. When the fair spirit returned at last to visit her valley, she wept to see the desolation, and she knelt upon the dome, praying to the Great Spirit for succor. God heard, and, stooping from his place, he clove the dome upon which she stood, and the granite was riven beneath her feet, and the melted snows of the Nevada rushed through the gorge, bearing fertility upon their cool bosom. A beautiful lake was formed between the cloven walls of the mountain, and a river issued from it to feed the valley forever. Then sang the birds as of old, lavishing their bodies in the water, and the odor of flowers rose like a pleasant incense, and the trees put forth their buds, and the corn shot up to meet the sun and rustled when the breeze crept through the tall stalks.

"Tisayac moved away as she had come, and none knew whither she went; but the people called the dome by her name, as it is indeed known to this day. After her departure, the chief returned from his weary quest, and, as he heard that the winged one had visited the valley, the old madness crept up into his eyes and entered, seven times worse than at the first, into his empty soul; he turned his back on the lodges of his people. His last act was to cut with his hunting-knife the outline of his face upon a lofty rock, so that if he never returned his memorial at least should remain with them forever. He never did return from that hopeless search, but the graven rock was called Totokónula, after his name, and it may still be seen, three thousand feet high, guarding the entrance of the beautiful valley."

Poetry, however, is by no means the only element in Indian mythology. Thick, black clouds, portentous of evil, hang threateningly over the savage during his entire life. Genii murmur in the flowing river, in the rustling branches of trees are heard the breathings of the gods, goblins dance in the vapory twilight, and demons howl in the darkness. All these beings are hostile to man, and must be propitiated by gifts, and prayers, and sacrifices; and the religious worship of some of the tribes includes practices which are frightful in their atrocity. Here, for example, is a rite of sorcery as practised among the Haidahs, one of the northern nations:

"When the salmon-season is over, and the provisions of winter have been stored away, feasting and conjuring begin. The chief—who seems to be principal sorcerer, and indeed to possess little authority save for his connection with the preterhuman powers—goes off to the loneliest and wildest retreat he knows of or can discover in the mountains or forest, and half starves himself there for some weeks, till he is worked up to a frenzy of religious insanity, and the *sawloks*—fearful beings of some kind not human—consent to communicate with him by voices or otherwise. During all this observance the chief is called *taamish*, and woe to the unlucky Haidah who happens by chance so much as to look on him during its continuance! Even if the *taamish* do not in-

stantly slay the intruder, his neighbors are certain to do so when the thing comes to their knowledge, and if the victim attempt to conceal the affair, or do not himself confess it, the most cruel tortures are added to his fate. At last the inspired demoniac returns to his village, naked save a bear-skin or a ragged blanket, with a chaplet on his head and a red band of alder-bark about his neck. He springs on the first person he meets, bites out and swallows one or more mouthfuls of the man's living flesh wherever he can fix his teeth, then rushes to another and another, repeating his revolting meal till he falls into a torpor from his sudden and half-masticated surfeit of flesh. For some days after this he lies in a kind of coma 'like an overgorged beast of prey,' as Dunn says; the same observer adding that his breath during that time is 'like an exhalation from the grave.' The victims of this ferocity dare not resist the bite of the *taamish*; on the contrary, they are sometimes willing to offer themselves to the ordeal, and are always proud of its scars."

Among the most interesting chapters in the volume are those in which Mr. Bancroft gives a detailed account of the old Mexican religion—one of the most elaborate and complex ecclesiastical systems that the records of mankind have to show. Religion, indeed, was the very basis of the Aztec state. The high-priest stood next in authority and honor to the king, and the king himself took no important step without first consulting the high-priests to learn whether the gods were favorable to the project. Some idea of the hold which their religion had gotten upon the life of the people may be gathered from the fact that the city of Mexico alone contained two thousand sacred edifices, and that the whole number throughout the empire was estimated at eighty thousand. Each temple had its complement of ministers to conduct and take part in the daily services, and of servants to attend to the cleansing, firing, and other menial offices. In the great temple at Mexico there were five thousand priests and attendants; the total number of the ecclesiastical host must therefore have been enormous. Clavigero places it at a million. The vast revenues needed for the support and repair of the temples, and for the maintenance of the immense army of priests that officiated in them, were derived from various sources. The greatest part was supplied from large tracts of land which were the property of the church, and were held by vassals under certain conditions, or worked by slaves. Besides this, taxes of wine and grain, especially first-fruits, were levied upon communities, and stored in granaries attached to the temples. The voluntary contributions, from a cake, feather, or robe, to slaves or priceless gems, given in performance of a vow, or at the numerous festivals, formed no unimportant item. Quantities of food were provided by the parents of the children attending the schools, and there were never wanting devout women eager to prepare it. In the kingdom of Tezcuco, thirty towns were required to provide firewood for the temples and palaces; in Meztitlan, every man gave four pieces of wood every five days. It is easy to believe that the supply of fuel must have been immense, when we consider that six hundred fires were kept continually blaz-

ing in the great temple of Mexico alone. The most acceptable offering, however, to the Aztec divinities was human life, and without this no festival of any importance was complete. The number of human victims sacrificed annually in Mexico is not exactly known, but Zumarra states that twenty thousand were sacrificed every year in the capital alone! That the number was very great we can readily believe when we read that from seventy to eighty thousand human beings were slaughtered at the inauguration of the temple of Huitzilopochtli, and a proportionately large number at other celebrations of the kind.

The section devoted to language, though more valuable to the anthropologist, perhaps, than any that has gone before it, is rather dry reading, consisting for the most part of vocabularies and grammatical analyses. Mr. Bancroft maintains that the American languages, while analogous in some few particulars to other families, constitute an entirely independent group, deserving to rank in importance with the Aryan and Semitic groups. While sufficiently related, however, to be classed in one family, there is an astonishing variety of different languages and dialects; and this has produced one of the distinctive peculiarities of the group:

"The multiplicity of tongues, even within comparatively narrow areas, rendered the adoption of some sort of universal language absolutely necessary. This international language in America is for the most part confined to gestures, and nowhere has gesture-language attained a higher degree of perfection than here; and, what is most remarkable, the same representations are employed from Alaska to Mexico, and even in South America. Thus each tribe has a certain gesture to indicate its name, which is understood by all others. A Flathead will make his tribe known by placing his hand upon his head; a Crow by imitating the flapping of the wings of a bird; a Nez Percé by pointing with his finger through his nose; and so on. Fire is generally indicated by blowing followed by a pretended warming of the hands; water, by a pretended scooping up and drinking; trade or exchange, by crossing the five fingers, a certain gesture being fixed for every thing necessary to carry on a conversation. Besides this natural gesture-language, there is found in various parts an intertribal jargon composed of words chosen to fit emergencies, from the speech of the several neighboring nations; the words being altered, if necessary, in construction or pronunciation to suit all."

Another peculiarity of the American languages is the frequent occurrence of long words. The native of the New World expresses in a single word, accompanied perhaps by a grunt or a gesture, what a European would employ a whole sentence to elucidate. He crowds the greatest possible number of ideas into the most compact form possible—taking the ideas by their monosyllabic equivalents, and joining them in a single expression. An illustration of this peculiarity is found in the Aztec word for letter-postage, *amatlacuilolotquitcaltlaxtlahuilli*, which, interpreted, literally signifies "The payment received for carrying a paper on which something is written." The Cherokees go yet further, and express a whole sentence in a single

word, *winitawitigeginaliskawlungtanaunelitisesti*, which translated forms the sentence, "They will by that time have nearly finished granting favors from a distance to thee and me."

Our notice, inadequate as it is, has already overrun the space which we had intended to occupy, and we may appropriately conclude it here with a quotation of the paragraph with which Mr. Bancroft concludes his book:

"He who carefully examines the myths and languages of the aboriginal nations inhabiting the Pacific States, cannot fail to be impressed with the similarity between them and the beliefs and tongues of mankind elsewhere. Here is the same insatiable thirst to know the unknowable, here are the same audacious attempts to tear asunder the veil, the same fashioning and peopling of worlds, laying out and circumscribing of celestial regions, and manufacturing and setting up, spiritually and materially, of creators, man and animal makers and rulers, everywhere manifest. Here is apparent what would seem to be the same inherent necessity for worship, for propitiation, for purification, or a cleansing from sin, for atonement and sacrifice, with all the symbols and paraphernalia of natural and artificial religion. In their speech the same grammatical constructions are seen with the usual variations in form and scope, in poverty and richness, which are found in nations, rude or uncultivated, everywhere. Little as we know of the beginning or end of things, we can but feel, as fresh facts are brought to light, and new comparisons made between the races and ages of the earth, that humanity, of whatever origin it may be or howsoever circumstanced, is formed on one model, and unfolds under the influence of one inspiration."

MR. JOHN B. BACHELDER disclaims for his "Popular Resorts and how to reach Them" that it is a *guide-book*, preferring to have it called a "gazetteer of pleasure-travel;" and though the distinction is rather obscure, we are quite willing to give him the benefit of it. If we were criticising the work as a *guide-book*, we should say that it was incomplete and badly arranged, and that it gave indications of a decided bias on the part of its author in favor of certain localities and particular lines of travel; but perhaps such criticism does not apply to what is only a "gazetteer of pleasure-travel." The book contains a fairly good map, is profusely illustrated, and will very probably prove useful to any summer traveler in the New England or Middle States—the popular resorts in other parts of the country receive but little attention. Before purchasing it, however, we would advise the reader to turn to the places which he proposes to visit and see what treatment is accorded them; for it is one of the peculiarities of the work that while some "resorts" are described fully and in detail, others, of apparently equal importance from the tourist's point of view, receive little more than a mention of their names. (John B. Bachelder, publisher, Boston.)

VOLUME XIV. of "Little Classics" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) consists of Lyrical Poems, and the contents are: Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," "Lotos-Eaters," and "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Welling-

ton;" Bulwer-Lytton's "Good-Night in the Porch;" Jean Ingelow's "Divided" and "High-Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire;" William Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and "Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi;" Robert Buchanan's "Langley Lane" and "Old Politician;" Longfellow's "My Lost Youth;" Poe's "The Sleeper;" Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality;" Lowell's "Ode to Happiness," "Extreme Unction," and "Commemoration Ode;" Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas;" Buchanan Read's "Drifting;" Thackeray's "End of the Play;" Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard;" Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The Problem;" Robert Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix;" Pope's "Messiah;" Dryden's "Alexander's Feast;" Collins's "The Passions;" Scott's "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee;" Campbell's "Lockhart's Warning;" Macaulay's "Naseby;" Whittier's "At Port Royal;" Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet;" "Fontenoy," by Thomas Davis; "Nathan Hale," by Francis M. Finch; "The Bivouac of the Dead," by Theodore O'Hara; and "Home, wounded," by Sydney Dobell. This collection is excellent, as far as it goes; but our criticism upon the first volume of the poems applies here also. No one of the selections could be spared, but there are not enough of them to represent fairly the classical lyrics of English poetry.

In its notice of Tennyson's "Queen Mary," the *Nation* strikes upon one thought that we have not seen advanced elsewhere, and one that seems to us well worthy of attention: "It is plain that Tennyson has chosen his subject not merely because of its fitness for dramatic presentation, but because he felt that the lessons to be drawn from Queen Mary's reign needed to be pressed home upon the England of to-day. The subordination of English interests to the behests of Rome, the temper of the Roman Church, the quality of character fostered and developed by its teaching, the logical consequence of this teaching in the destruction of liberties and in fostering intolerance and persecution, were shown in Mary's brief reign of five years as in no other period of English history. In reading the signs of our times, it would not be surprising if Tennyson read with alarm signs of a renewal of Roman influence in English affairs, and of a revival of the authority of the Roman Church among the higher as well as the lower classes of the people. The conditions of culture and of opinion throughout Europe are such that the claims of the Roman Church, asserted as they have lately been with astonishing audacity, and pushed far enough to test the most elastic credulity, are admitted, with more or less intellectual reserve, by increasing numbers of men of weight in opinion and affairs. The Roman Church represents with a consistency to which no other church can lay claim the principle of authority in matters not merely of faith but of policy. The red-shirts of Paris, the skeptical philosophers of Germany, the modern school of scientific thinkers in England, the feeble and confused sects of Protestantism, are allies in driving a large set of men toward the gates if not within the walls and defenses of Rome. The love of mental repose and support, the desire to rest with absolute reliance upon a definite author-

ity, are traits in many natures obviously inherited from a remote period. Few men can comfortably rely upon themselves; and the case now is such that a logically-minded man must either be content to fall back upon the reserves of his own intelligence or to haul down its flag and surrender his soul and life to the guidance, direction, and authority of the Roman Church. What this surrender and subjection mean is what Tennyson desires to bring home to the minds and to the hearts of his readers. He has no controversial purpose, but he has conceived of the reign of Mary Tudor as the time in which the principles and practices of the 'grim wolf' of Rome were most plainly displayed in England, and with terrible suffering and degradation, and loss of honor to the land. The history of these years reads itself to him into the drama, into the tragedy that he has written out—a tragedy with a whole people as its protagonist, and with the vast, vague, dreadful figure of the Scarlet Woman embodied in the miserable Mary for its heroine."

In the last number of *Fora Clavigera* Ruskin favors his readers with another installment of his autobiographical confidences. He evidently does not recall his childhood with much pleasure, nor his parents, who "were good and careful, but adhered too rigidly to the strict line of duty." Of his early training he says: "My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed any thing to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me—at least, if I chose to stay beside her. I never thought of doing any thing behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but also no particular pleasure; for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cook-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals) that I occupied in the universe."

Few books of recent times have received such hearty and universal praise as Green's "Short History of the English People." Even *Blackwood* surrenders to it, and says that it is reduced to "the humiliation of being obliged to confess that we don't know how to express ourselves about this history in ordinary words. It is simply the ideal history which we have been looking for since ever we knew what history was—the simple, straightforward, rapid narrative, clear and strong and uninterrupted as a vigorous river, carrying you on with it in an interest too genuine and real to leave you any time to think of style—yet with a style which is perfectly adapted to the purpose, neither florid nor rigid, neither ornamental nor austere, but, far better than either, unconscious, like the voice of a man who has so much to say that he entirely forgets how he is saying it—a grand condition of natural elo-

quence. To quote the book, unless we could quote it all, and cram it in still smaller print than the original, into the apron of Maga, would be futile; and, indeed, we are afraid even to open it, lest the same disastrous result should ensue as before, and nothing be heard of us till to-morrow." . . . It is said that Edmund Clarence Stedman has so enlarged the scope of his forthcoming work on the "Victorian Poets," that it will be a complete guide-book to the entire range of British poetry during the present reign. . . . Another contribution to the history of the war by actors in it is announced. This time it is General Hood, who intends to give an accurate and circumstantial account of his operations around Atlanta and his subsequent campaign in Tennessee. . . . Dr. Beesels has nearly finished the official report of the ill-fated Polaris Expedition. It will fill three large volumes of about four hundred pages each, and the first is already in the printer's hands. . . . Tennyson's "Queen Mary" is said to be selling poorly in England, lying on the book-stalls uncut and unsought for by buyers; in this country, however, the sale has been and is very active, it having been several times out of print since the day of its publication. . . . The late Lord Lytton left a large quantity of MSS. which will serve as notes for a biographical memoir. The present Lord Lytton is editing and preparing them for the press. . . . A collection of poems, bearing the title of "Dolores; and Other Rhymes of the South," and a novel from the pen of Annie Chambers Ketchum, of Dunrobin, Tennessee, authoress of "Nelly Bracken" and the translation of "Marcella: a Russian Idyl" (published in this JOURNAL a few months since), will be published shortly, in London and Boston simultaneously.

## The Arts.

IN the new architecture of this section of the United States, no feature is more interesting than that of towers and spires. The New York churches built within the past twenty years have exhibited very great improvements in this particular. The old Gothic form—square, with battlemented top, and the spire simple in its sharp point—has always been a prominent feature of our churches in towns and cities, as well as in the white villages where the meeting-house formed the central figure in the group of buildings on the hill-side or along the wooded stream.

But time, which has introduced a knowledge and practice of Italian, French, and Oriental architecture, has brought numerous changes; and now, besides these simple and primitive forms, our public buildings and churches are furnished with many varieties of towers, some of which are of great elaboration. On Fifth Avenue beyond Fourteenth Street, at several intersections of the streets with the avenue, the eye is caught by the number of domes, spires, and towers, that cluster within short spaces. One of the finest of these is the brown spire of St. Thomas's Church, very lofty, and built in a succession of compartments, each smaller than the one below it—a series of lessening towers that end finally in a spire, and surrounded by flying buttresses and lesser projections much more elaborate than appear on the smaller churches of England, and nearly as fine as any except

those of the cathedrals. The same glance of the eye rests upon the Byzantine domes that guard the two angles of one Jewish synagogue, and the beautiful and effective ornaments of another. Resting on towers that are themselves well lifted above all the surrounding buildings, these turban-shaped forms, smaller at the bottom, then swelling into the shape of a horseshoe in the middle, and ending in a pointed summit, are on a level with the highest church-towers. They are fine and of a very novel effect among so much Gothic and Western architecture. Another Jewish synagogue is covered almost across its entire top by a large and broad dome, secured at the many corners of its polygonal form by broad projections, and giving another variety to the many contours that rise above the dead level of the city. Of the picturesque beauty of some of the church-towers on Madison Avenue we have formerly had occasion to speak, and we have mentioned some of the new buildings down-town, as the tower of the Union Telegraph Building, and the tower of the Tribune Building, which, if open to criticism, indicate new possibilities in our architecture. There is a very striking and picturesque tower on the new school structure of Trinity Church, in the rear of the church, on New Church Street.

While these and many similar changes are going on in our own city, the advancement of Boston in these respects is yet more noticeable. Crossing the Back Bay, as it is called, from Cambridge, the buildings on Beacon and Charles Streets rise from the level of the waters on the right. And above these houses many new and interesting towers are to be seen. A great square mass of gray stone, big almost as an Italian campanile, rises high and massive above the new Old South Church, which is now being erected for the congregation of the old one so famous in the history of Boston. Then there is a tall, red-brick tower, which widens near the summit, with openings in its sides, and is roofed by a slightly-pointed top. It rises fairly above all neighboring buildings, and for a great distance can be seen contrasting well with the church-spires. This tower, unlike any we remember in America, and reminding us strongly of the bell-towers on the old convents in Tuscany, placed on the hill-sides, and among cypresses and the round-headed stone-pines, seems to have been removed from its natural habitat and set down among the pavements. It belongs to the new Providence Railway Station, of which fine building, thought by many to be the first of its class in the United States, it is by no means the sole ornament.

Until recently high spires and towers have been built almost exclusively upon churches, and other public buildings have come in for those of an inferior growth. Small cupolas, and little towers and domes, except in Washington, have been the accepted standard of distinction; but now, in the more ambitious structures belonging to great corporations, a direction has been given from which we may, in time, hope to have an outgrowth which shall make the towers on our railway-stations and our city-halls rival those on the Hôtels-de-Ville of Bruges and

Brussels. Spires and bell-towers constitute a class of architectural forms by themselves, and appropriate to the service they will render, but a new kind of shape and of decoration is fit for secular purposes, and those our architects seem to appreciate and to be hastening to improve.

OWING to a recent resolution of the council of the National Academy of Design, which postpones the fall opening of their Free Schools of Design from October until December, and dispenses with the services of an art professor as head-master, the students of the institution have formed an association under the name of "The Art-Students' League," and have secured rooms at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Sixteenth Street for meeting and class purposes. They have secured the services of Professor Wilmarth, who has been several years in charge of the Academy schools, and raised them to a high state of efficiency, and will organize classes for the study of the nude and draped model, of composition and perspective, on the 15th of September. The members of the League, in their circular letter, say:

"It is intended to place the advantages of this society within the reach of all who are thoroughly earnest in their work, both ladies and gentlemen; the question of dues will, therefore, be managed as economically as is possible under the circumstances.

"All art-students whose characters are approved of are eligible for membership, and as it is considered desirable to strengthen the society as much as possible at present, all persons receiving this circular are cordially invited to correspond with the secretary of the society with the view of becoming members."

This action on the part of the students indicates that the council of the Academy have resolved to return to the old system of teaching under their own supervision, and that the reform movement which culminated in the election of Mr. Page as president of the institution, some three years ago, and had for its main purpose the higher development of the Academy schools, has been overthrown. The Academy made an appeal to the cultured classes in New York last winter for aid to extend the usefulness of its schools, but, if we may judge from the recent resolution of the council, the appeal was a failure, or, in any event, this action will tend to render it so.

MR. SARONY, who combines the genius and education of an artist with his chosen profession of photographer, has recently finished a large-sized crayon-drawing of the courtship scenes in Shakespeare's play of "Henry V.," between Harry of England, as he was popularly called, and the Princess Katherine of France. The couple are represented standing in a mediæval apartment, with the light from a richly-ornamented window falling upon their persons. The figures are cleverly grouped, and their grace of attitude is very striking. The prince has thrown his arm around the princess, and she, in turn, rests her head upon his breast. The draperies, particularly the long, flowing robe of the princess, are drawn with much taste, and, although done in black and white, have all



the feeling and expression of a work in color. In the background there are several old pieces of carved furniture, which are in accord with the scene and period. Aside, however, from the detail of the composition, which is excellent and creditable to Mr. Sarony's genius, the artistic execution of the work possesses peculiar merit. The faces are drawn with exceeding care, and they bear an expression of tenderness and feeling which is rarely secured in crayon-pictures. The management of the light, too, is fine; and as it streams through the recessed window it gives relief to the figures, and invests them with a charm the spirit of which is suggestive only of refinement and the most delicate fancy. Wilkie Collins, in a recent letter to Mr. Sarony, complimented him greatly for the artistic taste shown in the composition of his photographic pictures. He said that he had "brought photography and art together." In the present instance we have pure art, executed without the aid of the camera, and it indicates that Sarony is as accomplished in the former field as in the latter.

THE group of the Crucifixion in stone, ordered by the King of Bavaria, will soon be erected at Ober-Ammergau, on the mound above the stage on which the Passion Play is performed. . . . A colossal statue, by Professor Drake, of Humboldt, designed for the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, has been exhibited at the artist's studio in Berlin. . . . It is asserted that the Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined. Tourists every season visit it, knock off limbs of statues, pull down portions of the frieze which Lord Elgin left, and, clambering up with hammer or stone, break off bits of the Doric capitals. . . . "How amazing," exclaims *London Society*, "is the taste for art! On one single day could be counted up a programme of no less than twenty-five distinct picture-exhibitions!" . . . "The art of 'Black and White,' says the *Saturday Review*, in its notice of the London exhibition of 'works in black and white,' may be said to assume three phases: first, that where 'black' preponderates; secondly, that where light prevails; lastly and best, the intermediate condition, where the balance is struck between the two extremes. The English, as a rule, with timid, painstaking care, with small touches which deck out the subject prettily, play in a high key, and preserve as a means of light the white ground of the paper. It can hardly be said that they understand the language of *chiaroscuro* in its whole compass from the zenith of light down to the depth of 'a darkness visible.' On the other hand, the French often begin with darkness, and so through twilight work their way into day; but even the day threatens rain and thunder. Such landscapes are funereal. The works before us are for the most part partial and one-sided; they show the limit and monotony rather than the inimitable variety of the method. We can only hope that another year this praiseworthy attempt may find a more worthy fulfillment." . . . In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a very exhaustive piece of exposition, description, and history, by Professor Sidney Colvin. It is all about a pavement; but a pavement wrought all over with imagery in engraved and inlaid marble—a pavement like nothing else in the world, the pavement, in short, in the Church of Our Lady, in

the Tuscan city of Sienna, over which have passed the reverend feet of Dante, and some of the episodes in which he has by his pen made more enduring than the marble in which they are traced.

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

July 13, 1875.

I HEAR from London that a report is current there to the effect that the heirs of the Countess Guiccioli have recently offered the letters exchanged between Byron and herself to several of the leading publishers of England for sale, but could find no purchasers. This is as it should be. No literary nor historical interests could be served by the publication of these letters; there would merely be a revival of much of the old scandalous talk which has now happily nearly died away. A lady who was the intimate friend of the Marquise de Boissy (Madame Guiccioli) in her later years informs me that these letters were all written in Italian, and would, perforce, lose much of the beauty of their language in translation, and that, being simply impassioned love-letters, they would possess no literary value whatever. I had recently the pleasure of holding in my hand a locket which Madame de Boissy had presented to the lady in question. It contained two locks of hair, one a dark, slender ring, which had been clipped from Byron's head after death; the other a lock of silky, golden chestnut, unfecked with a single thread of silver, though Madame de Boissy was sixty-five years of age when she severed it from the mass of her still-abundant tresses to join it to Byron's in the gift for her friend. She preserved most of the traits of her wondrous beauty, her pearly teeth, her exquisitely-moulded shoulders, the grace and winning charm of her manners, to the latest hour of her life. She always wore around her neck the miniature of Byron, and the greatest proof of affection that she ever gave to her American friend was the permission to have this miniature copied. While the work was in progress she sat beside the easel, watching and directing the progress of the pencil. This miniature lay on her heart when, an aged lady, she was borne to her grave after a life which, apart from the one error of her youth, had been singularly noble and blameless. As the Marquise de Boissy, she was a veritable queen of society, and her receptions were celebrated as being among the most brilliant and successful ever held in Paris.

A lady who has just returned from a somewhat lengthened sojourn in Florence tells me some items respecting the celebrated "Ouida" (Miss de la Ramé), who is at present residing there in much style and splendor, occupying superb apartments, and driving out daily in an elegant open carriage. She is a woman somewhere on the shady side of forty, with abundant yellow hair, but with no other pretensions to personal attractions, if we may except a very small and shapely foot, which she is extremely fond of displaying. She goes a great deal into society among a certain set, those conversant with Florentine social life being doubtless able to imagine which set I mean. She is very vain, more so of the personal charms which she does not possess than of the mental ones to which she has undeniably every claim. She is fond of attitudinizing, and of getting herself up in all manner of picturesque costumes. The portraits published of her represent her at her best, and

are rather flattered than otherwise. The great success of her works, in the teeth of a persistent pressure from the moral and religious classes of the community on both sides of the Atlantic, is one of the literary phenomena of the age.

Dentu has just published "Les Cinq," a new novel by Paul Féval, and one by Elie Berthet, entitled "Maitre Bernard." He announces "The Defense of Paris," by General Ducret, with forty-five colored maps. Klincksieck, 11 Rue de Lille, has on sale the concluding volumes of the correspondence of Leibnitz with the Electress Sophia, the mother of George I. of England, extracted from the papers preserved in the Royal Library of Hanover. Gladly Brothers announce a novel in that scientific style which the success of Jules Verne's works has rendered so popular, entitled "The Conquest of the Air, or Forty Days of Aerial Navigation," by Jules A. Brown. H. Champion announces a new edition of the works of Rabelais, edited by Paul Favre, and ornamented with steel-engravings, among which are three ancient portraits of Rabelais. Of this edition only seven hundred copies have been printed. Plon & Co. publish a work on Spain, by P. L. Imbert, entitled "The Splendors and Miseries of Spain," and illustrated with numerous wood-engravings from designs by Alexandre Prévost, who is, some say, a rival, others an imitator of Gustave Doré. "The Diplomatic History of the Late War," by M. Sorel, is attracting much attention; it shows very conclusively what helpless puppets Napoleon III. and his counselors were in the strong and skillful hands of Bismarck.

And, à propos of the late war, a French gentleman who has recently made an extensive tour through Alsace and Lorraine regretfully informed me that, if the votes of the inhabitants of Alsace were now taken as to whether they would remain German or become French again, the majority in favor of Germany would be immense. "Lorraine," he said, sighing, "is more French in its proclivities, but Alsace has become thoroughly Germanized." The educational facilities, and the advantages offered to the Protestant religion by Prussian rule, have probably had much to do with this change in the public sentiment of the transferred province—Alsace being largely Protestant.

An exhibition of the works of art purchased by the city during the past year has just been opened at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The pictures are scarcely worth a visit, being mostly devotional subjects intended for the interior of certain churches. There is a very pre-Raphaelite-looking Corot representing the "Baptism of Christ." Two large frescoes by Lenepveu, representing scenes in the life of St. Ambrose, and intended for the church of that name, show much power and talent. There is a fine painting of "Justice between Guilt and Innocence," by Bonnat, intended for the ceiling of one of the halls in the Palais de Justice. Speaking of Bonnat, I hear that the government has succeeded in purchasing from Madame Pasa her splendid full-length portrait by that artist, and it is to be placed in the Luxembourg. Two paintings by Millet, and one by Jalabert, have also been recently added to that gallery.

The Great American Circus, concerning which sundry rumors have been afloat for a long time, is about to become an established fact. Mr. Myers, the proprietor of the enterprise in question, has leased the huge Magasins Réunis, on the Place du Château d'Eau, and is to convert it into a circus forthwith. The building is of colossal proportions, and

will seat, I should think, some twenty or thirty thousand. Combined with the circus there is to be a menagerie, containing twelve elephants and nine lions, with other beasts in due proportion. The six chandeliers already ordered for the house are to cost one thousand dollars each. Mr. Myers has worthily inaugurated his enterprise by subscribing two hundred dollars to the fund for the victims of the inundation. John S. Clarke, our celebrated and favorite comedian, purposes coming all the way to Paris, from his country-seat at Boulogne-sur-Mer, to give a representation for the same charitable object. If he can secure a theatre he will come here toward the last of this month, bringing with him a complete English company. Madame Patti, who was prevented by Mr. Gye from lending her aid to the grand benefit performance for the *inondés*, in London, has offered her services to M. Halanzer for a representation at the Grand Opéra. Of course, her offer was eagerly accepted. As she has no time at her disposal till the last of September, the benefit performance will not take place till early in October.

It is highly probable that Mademoiselle Aimée will not appear in Paris next winter, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Since her return from America, she has placed so high a value upon her services, and has put on such airs, that managers find it hard to come to terms with her. Vinentini of the *Gaité* tried to make arrangements with her to create the leading character in "The Journey to the Moon," which is to be the *pièce de résistance* at that theatre next winter. But the fascinating singer exacted, among other conditions, that her name in large letters should be placed at the head of the bill, that the piece should not be termed a fairy-spectacle, and that she was to be allowed to alter or refuse any *morceaux* of the music that did not suit her. As Offenbach is to compose the music, that last condition in particular was looked upon as an impracticable one. So Mademoiselle Zulma Boultar has been engaged in her stead.

Notwithstanding the season, a certain activity is reigning at present at the Grand Opéra. This is the period of the year when ambitious singers from the provinces, and aspiring *débütantes* fresh from the hands of their teachers, are admitted to the honors of a hearing before the manager. It is whispered that several important engagements have been in this way already formed. A young tenor, M. Vitaux, who made a great sensation in "Guido e Ginevra" last winter, at Bordeaux, is shortly to make his first appearance on the boards of the Grand Opéra as *Raoul*, in "Les Huguenots." Another tenor, M. Valdejo, from Lyons, is in treaty with the management. The new drama of "Lea," which was to have been performed at the Gymnase this week, has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the illness of Mademoiselle Tallandiera. It is said that this fiery and impassioned, but crude and unrefined, actress is shortly to enter the Comédie Française, and it is also whispered that she will owe her advancement to the powerful protection of Alexandre Dumas, who persists in seeing in her the great coming actress of the Parisian stage. Mademoiselle Blanche Baretta is shortly to appear at the Français in the rôle of *Victorine*, in "Le Philosophe sans le Savoir." That will be the third character which she has assumed since she was transferred from the Odéon to these classic boards. The Théâtre de l'Odéon itself is threatening to tumble down, and extensive repairs of the foundations have been undertaken. It is one of the oldest theatres in Paris, having been

the home of the Comédie Française before the first Revolution, but it is also one of the most solidly built. There is talk of creating a second French Opera—that is to say, of reviving the functions and *répertoire* of the old Théâtre Lyrique. As the Grand Opéra has so decidedly run to seed on staircase and *foyer*, the idea is not a bad one. M. Arsène Houssaye is spoken of as its probable director if the enterprise ever assumes definite shape.

A work by M. le Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassy is shortly to be published by Sartorius, bearing the title of "Papiers Curieux d'un Homme de Cour." Some passages have been quoted from its advance-sheets, among which is stated the curious fact that the boat that conveyed the Duke de Nemours from Boulogne to England, when the family of Louis Philippe fled from France, in 1848, brought back on its return-trip two passengers, Prince Louis Bonaparte and M. de Persigny. The prince, on hearing the news of the proclamation of the republic, had left London at once, and had taken the first boat he could find to bring him over. At Amiens the train conveying the future Emperor of France missed the connection with the train for Paris, and the travelers were forced to wait for some time at the little station of Caersan, notwithstanding the feverish impatience of Louis Napoleon. At last, word arrived that the train which they had missed by a few minutes only had met with a frightful accident, by which some twenty or thirty persons had been killed. The protecting star of Louis Napoleon had already arisen.

The road being thus incumbered, the party were forced to pass the night in this miserable village, where there was not even an inn. The prince, his confidant, and MM. Biesta and Aragon, passed the night in a wretched wine-shop, smoking and conversing about the great political change which had just taken place. There, upon the wine-stained table, the prince drew up his letter to the Provisional Government, wherein, "without any other ambition than that of serving his country, he offered his services to the republic." Thus the very first utterance of the future emperor, in his first steps toward the throne of France, was a deliberate falsehood. LUCY H. HOOPER.

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE editor of the *New Quarterly*, Mr. John Latouche—otherwise, Mr. Oswald Crawford, her majesty's consul at Oporto, as I think I have already told you—has just issued through Messrs. Ward & Lock his "Travels in Portugal." The volume consists of the articles on Portugal which he wrote for his magazine, and a very interesting book do they form. Mr. Latouche tells us much about the character, superstitions, and manners and customs of the inhabitants—they are, he assures us, "well-tempered and well-mannered"—and much about the agriculture of the country. He tells, too, more than one good story. Take this, for instance: "A traveler should do even more than speak French fluently; he should be able to discriminate between the accents and idioms with which other European nations speak it—no very difficult matter, and ignorance of which once brought the present writer into a somewhat awkward predicament. It was on the occasion of finding myself on board a large ocean-steamer. My cabin companion was a very lively foreign gentleman, whom I set down as a Swiss. We talked upon things in general, and, the conversation falling, as it always will fall between chance ac-

quaintances, upon the characteristics of different nations, my new friend desecrated with some humor upon this subject, and I followed suit as well as I could. We had expended the small artillery of our ridicule upon the foibles of the people of nearly every country, excepting always England and Switzerland—as I thought our respective fatherlands—we had said smart and foolish things about Frenchmen, Germans, Russians and Danes, Italians and Spaniards; and, as for Dutchmen, I said they would be a great nation, in spite of their canals and even their trousers, if it were not for that story of the wooden nutmegs; it has made them absurd and shown them to be rogues the wide world over. 'Sir,' said my acquaintance, with a sudden accession of dignity, 'I was born at Rotterdam!' Imagine the climax! Our author is very hard upon what he calls the "mere tourist—the ignorant, conceited, incurious, moneyed tramp"—and he thinks that, owing to the bad food in the less frequented districts, the bad roads, etc., this class of people—and their name is, unfortunately, legion—would find it by no means pleasant to travel in the Peninsula; at the same time, he says that those who would quietly sojourn, either permanently or temporarily, in a charming winter climate, should go there.

I see you have been quoting from the bright series of articles in *Fraser* on "German Home-Life;" *ergo*, you may like to know the name of their writer. It is the Countess von Bothmer.

Will you allow me to mention, as a matter of literary news (not, mind you, as an advertisement), that my forthcoming mid-monthly, the *London Magazine*, will contain some unpublished scenes—including a page in facsimile—from Edgar A. Poe's tragedy of "Politian?" These will be incorporated in an article on the play in question by Mr. John Ingram, who has within the last few weeks acquired possession of the original manuscript. Mr. Ingram's edition of Poe has, I may tell you here, sold remarkably well. The first five hundred copies of the initial volume were cleared out on publication day, and since then there has been a steady demand for it and the others.

The farewell dinner to Barry Sullivan came off, as I told you it would, on the 14th, and a very grand affair it was. The scene of it was the Alexandra Palace; and among those who were there to see, hear, eat, drink, and make merry, were Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mr. W. Creswick, the authors; Mr. James Albery, the young dramatist; Mr. Charles Gibbon, the novelist; Mr. F. Maccafee, who amused you so much lately by his motley impersonations; Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Fiske's successor on the *Hornet*; and Mr. Ashby-Sterry, one of our very best essayists and writers of society verses. A live earl was actually in the chair—the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the Savage Club, by whom the dinner was organized—and his lordship, in proposing the toast of the evening, referred to the well-known tragedian in a most flattering—and, let me add, somewhat stilted—way: "As an interpreter of the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, they would find it hard to name his equal, while no man living had done more to familiarize the people of his country, and of far-distant English-speaking lands, with the great works of Shakespeare." So ran one of the earl's sentences. After an address wishing him prosperity and God-speed had been read, Mr. Sullivan, as the penny-a-liners have it, "then rose to respond." He declared that he never felt happier in his life, that his feelings were overwhelming, that he would not

bore them with words, mere words; and then he sat down.

Mr. Charles Gibbon is going to try his hand at an English novel. The scene of it will be laid in one of the most pleasant of our many pleasant English counties.

Tennyson's "Queen Mary" is not selling at all well—for Tennyson. The "advance" notice—and a fulsome one it was—in the "leading journal" by no means did the book good. Puff preliminary seldom does. By-the-way, the *Spectator*, in its notice, is equally laudatory. It holds that the poet-laureate's drama is a greater work than "King Henry VIII." of our Master Shakespeare. Fact! Listen to its concluding remarks: "Certainly we should be surprised to hear that any true critic would rate 'Queen Mary,' whether in dramatic force or in general power, below 'Henry VIII.,' and our own impression is that it is a decidedly finer work of dramatic art." How the critics differ, to be sure! Here is the *Graphic*, notwithstanding what the *Spectator* says, declaring that Mr. Tennyson is totally wanting in dramatic power, and that the drama, as a drama, is a failure! Those are my sentiments also.

I don't know how it is with you, but Joaquin Miller's "The Ship in the Desert" is being severely handled over here. The *Athenaeum's* opening article the other day was devoted to its consideration. "Never before have we had occasion to read a poem so vague in conception and execution," is the reviewer's verdict. Then he goes on to point out grave faults in its rhyme, rhythm, and similes. This, thinks he, is the best passage in the book:

"O thou to-morrow! Mystery!  
O day that ever runs before!  
What has thine hidden hand in store  
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?  
O thou to-morrow! what hast thou  
In store to make me bear the now?"

"O day in which we shall forget  
The tangled troubles of to-day!  
O day that laughs at duns, at debts!  
O day of promises to pay!  
O shelter from all present storm!  
O day in which we shall reform!"

"O safest, best day for reform!  
Convenient day of promises!  
Hold back the shadow of the storm.  
O blest to-morrow! Chiefest friend,  
Let not thy mystery be less,  
But lead us blindfold to the end."

WILL WILLIAMS.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

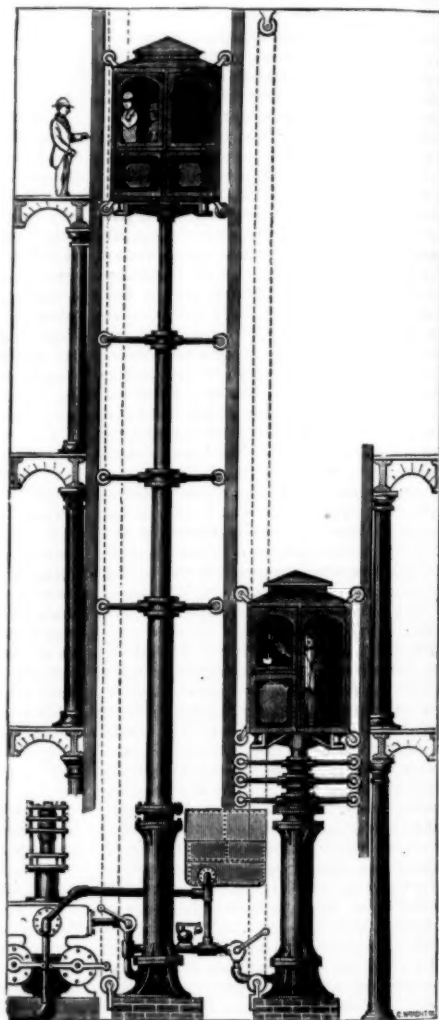
### A NEW HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR.

THE introduction of the elevator into our hotels, warehouses, commercial and private buildings, etc., bids fair to effect a marked change in the architectural features of all modern cities. We have already taken occasion to notice at some length the general character of this change, relating as it does to the modification of "ground plans," and the relative value for business purposes of lower and upper stories. With the general principles of the ordinary passenger-elevator our readers are familiar. A substantial and often richly-decorated car is drawn up and lowered by means of wire ropes extending over pulleys above, and attached to drums or pulleys below. These drums are caused to revolve by steam-engines specially adapted to the purpose.

A second form of elevator, and one recently described in these columns, is that wherein the motive power is obtained from a weight. This weight is a bucket which, when filled with water, is heavier than the elevator-car with its full load. When the car is at the top of the building, the water-bucket, which by its weight on the opposite end of the pulley-rope caused it to ascend, is at the bottom. In order to descend, the conductor, by means of a rope or rod, causes a valve in the bucket below to open, through which the water finds an exit until the bucket is lighter than the car, which at once descends, thus hauling the bucket up. Once at the top, the bucket is refilled with water from an adjacent tank till it is again sufficiently weighted to overcome the weight of the car. Thus, by this process of filling and emptying, the ascent and descent of the car are accomplished. The water with which to supply the reservoir is pumped up by a special engine. In this case, as in that of the common rope-elevator, it is evident that the main dependence for strength and safety is the rope, which in turn must be supported on pulleys fastened above.

In accordance with a purpose already announced, we are prompted to give a descriptive account of a novel and what appears to be a marked improvement on the two kinds of elevators above described. We say that this "appears to be" an improvement, by which it should be understood that, so far as direct indorsement of the new appliance goes, we are ready to accept any criticisms which may be brought to our notice, having in mind at present the simple illustration of a compact, simple, and certainly very ingenious adaptation of hydraulic power to the special purpose under discussion. This new form is known as the Telescopic Hydraulic Elevator, and is the invention of Mr. Thursby. As suggested by the title, and made plain by the accompanying illustration, the motive power is derived from pumps, and applied through a series of wrought-iron tubes, shutting into each other as do the tubes of a telescope. When at the lowest landing, the position of these tubes is that shown on the right of the illustration. When an ascent is desired, the conductor, by means of the ordinary valve-rope, opens the pipe leading from the pumps. By this means a stream of water enters at the base of the lower or stationary tube, and at once the upward pressure of the column of water causes the tubes to ascend. As the car is attached to or rests upon the upper or smaller tube, it must ascend also, being literally

pushed or lifted up by hydraulic force. When a return is desired, a second movement of the valve-rope shuts off the supply, at the same time opening a valve by which an exit is made for the water, which in flowing out permits the car to descend by its own gravity. The feature of this device, which will at once attract attention, is the absence of all ropes, pulleys, or gearing, above the car, as the whole motive power is applied from below. There is, of course, no need of a strengthened roof or danger from breaking ropes, etc.



Whatever may be said as to the relative economy of the method, there can be no question as to its safety.

Although it is our main purpose to present this sketch as illustration of an ingenious adaptation of hydraulic force, yet a careful examination of several large elevators now in operation convinces us that in practice, as well as in theory, it is a success. The new building now occupied by the *Evening Post* has adopted this device, which is now in constant use, and the fact that twelve of them



are "set up" in the new Post-Office building is evidence that we are not alone in commending the invention to the attention of those interested. Since, however, no architect will be likely to adopt so decided an innovation upon the old methods without a thorough personal examination, we are freed from any charge of favoritism in commending it to public attention. And we are certainly, from careful personal observation, prompted to commend this or any device which, like it, shows the mark of genius coupled with practical engineering skill and knowledge.

AMONG the many different problems which our complex system of custom-duties compels the official examiner to decide are those relating to the constitution of the so-called mixed fabrics: if the duty on wool be a given amount, while that on cotton is another, silk still another, and so on throughout the whole list of textile fibres, it is evident that, when fabrics composed of indefinite mixtures of two or more of these substances are entered at the custom-house, the question of "rate," though in itself a complicated one, must in all cases depend on the question of relative quantity of constituents. Hence it is that chemists and microscopists are constantly called upon to aid the examiner in his work. Again, in this age of adulterations, the consumer is often, and with good reason, at a loss to know whether the material he is purchasing is "all wool," "all silk," or a mixture of cotton, etc. In view of the general interest of these questions, and the importance to the community, as well as the state, of a simple and sure method of deciding them, certain eminent chemists have made them the subject of long and thorough experiment. Though not designing to review at length the course of these experiments, we are prompted to give the following concise summing up, as made by M. Pinelion, and recently published in a French chemical journal. Though in certain of the cases noticed the services of the chemist may be required, yet in many the method of detection is so simple that it may be applied by those less familiar with the arts of the laboratory. In the tests here given the process of detection is shown in *italics*, to distinguish it from the substances experimented upon:

"Substances which dissolve ENTIRELY when left in a caustic lye of potash or soda—silk, mixture of silk and wool, wool, phormium tenax, hemp, flax, cotton.

"Substances which dissolve PARTIALLY in the same lye, fibres injured thereby—mixture of wool, silk, and cotton, ditto silk and cotton, ditto cotton and flax.

"Dissolves ENTIRELY in chloride of zinc cold; alkaline solution blackens with a salt of lead—silk.

"Dissolves PARTIALLY, or NOT AT ALL, in chloride of zinc; soluble portion does not blacken with a salt of lead; insoluble portion blackens with the same—mixture of silk and wool.

"Does not dissolve in chloride of zinc. Fibres reddens when treated successively with chlorine-water and ammonia-water. Reddens also with nitric acid or peroxide of nitrogen—phormium tenax.

"Does not dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does not color when treated successively with chlorine and ammonia water. Fibre colors with an alcoholic solution of fuchsine (one-twentieth), which color resists washing. Fibre turns YELLOW when treated with an aqueous solution of potash, or with iodine and sulphuric acid—hemp.

"Does not dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does

not color with chlorine followed by ammonia-water. Fibre colors with an alcoholic solution of fuchsine (one-twentieth), and color resists washing. An aqueous solution of potash, or iodine and sulphuric acid, color the fibres BLUE—flax.

"Does not dissolve in chloride of zinc. Does not color with chlorine followed by ammonia-water. Colors with a fuchsine solution, but colors will not bear washing. Fibres do not turn yellow with potash—cotton.

"Dissolves PARTIALLY in chloride of zinc. Partly blackened with salt of lead. Fibres which remain insoluble in chloride of zinc may be partly dissolved in potash solution; those that resist this second treatment may be dissolved with Schweitzer's reagent—mixture of wool, silk, and cotton.

"Dissolves PARTIALLY in chloride of zinc. Does not blacken with salt of lead. Picric acid turns a portion of the fibre yellow, the rest remaining white—mixture of silk and cotton.

"Does not dissolve in chloride of zinc. Nitric acid colors a portion of the fibres, the rest remaining white—mixture of cotton and flax."

THE *English Mechanic*, referring to the rapidly-increasing production of cheese and butter in Denmark, describes the system pursued in certain recently-established schools of industry. These schools receive government aid, and their main design is to train the pupils in the several branches of dairy-manufacture. Referring to M. Svendeen's school on the island of Zealand, the report is as follows: "From 1st September to 1st November the establishment contains only girls, from 15th November to 1st August only lads, both classes entering the school at fifteen to eighteen years of age. They pay about two pounds a month for their board and education. The instruction is both practical and theoretical. For two or three hours daily they receive lessons in the keeping of accounts, dairy management, and natural history; they are instructed in the physiology of milch-cows, the action of the mammary glands, the food of cattle, etc.; and in the afternoon some time is given to music and singing. The greater part of the mornings, however, is devoted to practical work in the dairy, where the students are distributed to their allotted tasks of milking, making butter, cleaning utensils, preparing rennet, etc. About three to four hundred quarts of milk are treated daily, all the operations are carefully explained, and the establishment is provided with the newest and best apparatus for dairy-work. The students entering these schools (M. Svendeen has about forty yearly of either sex) are chiefly sons and daughters of farmers and proprietors. They come with a good previous education, and generally leave the school with a real enthusiasm for its pursuits. The success of the system is such that many applicants have to be refused admission every year. Norway and Sweden are following the example of Denmark." Surely there is that in this announcement to attract the attention of our Herkimer County readers, and by following the example of the Danish dairymen they will but anticipate the inevitable course of things which makes the establishment of more technical and special schools a foregone conclusion.

ACCORDING to recent advices, the saloon-steamer Bessemer, an illustrated description of which recently appeared in these columns, has been made fast to the Millwall docks, where it is made to serve as a kind of mechanical museum, visitors being permitted to view the "cabin that did not work," at the rate of one shilling a head. It is proposed to place

the steamer on the docks in order to repair the damage done by the collision with the Calais pier. As she must wait her turn, however, it is highly probable that several months will elapse before she is again afloat. "We cannot help thinking," says the *Engineer*, "that these two months might be more profitably employed in taking out the swinging-saloon, which, apparently, will not swing, and decking her in. A weight of over two hundred tons being thus removed, her designed draught might be obtained, and consequently greater speed and better steering. Although the saloon is so far a failure, the ship herself is admitted on all hands to be a success, as her low bows and large bilge-keels give her comparative immunity from both disagreeable rolling and pitching, and if the saloon were removed she would be the quickest and most comfortable vessel on the Channel service." Were it not for the numerous evidences we have of the indomitable energy and zeal of the inventor, we should be inclined to indorse the views of the *Engineer*; as it is, however, it may be as well to withhold any adverse judgment until Mr. Bessemer has himself admitted the failure of this his pet scheme. So far as we can learn, no test has been made to disprove the principle on which the oscillating saloon is built, and if the defects be merely those of mechanical construction, by no one can these defects be more certainly remedied than by the inventor of the Bessemer steel process and the hydraulic crane.

HAVING recently briefly announced the discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica, we would again refer to the subject, additional and interesting particulars having been received. Mr. H. Prestoe, Superintendent of the Trinidad Botanic Gardens, having paid a visit to the lake, published an account of his observation, from a report of which we condense as follows: The lake lies in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many *solfataras*, or volcanic sulphur-vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little else than a crater filled with water, through which the pent-up gases find vent and are ejected. The temperature of the water ranges from 180° to 190° Fahr. throughout the whole extent. The points of actual ebullition change from time to time. Where this active action takes place, the water is said to rise two, three, and sometimes four feet above the main surface, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are three in number. This violent action of the cones causes a general disturbance over the whole surface of the lake. Though these cones appear to be special vents, yet the sulphurous vapors arise in nearly equal density over the full extent of the lake. There seems to be in no case any violent action of the escaping gases, such as detonations or explosions. The water is of a dark-gray color, and is highly charged with sulphur. As the outlet of the lake is rapidly deepening, it is believed that soon the water must be drawn off, after which it will assume the character of a geyser, or sulphurous crater.

It is probable that we shall be soon able to announce the worthy triumph, on foreign soil and among foreign competitors, of a worthy American invention. From unofficial sources, we learn that in a great trial of railway-brakes in England the Westinghouse Air-Brake gave the best results throughout the series of experiments. As there seems every reason to believe that this trial was a thorough and impartial one, the official report is awaited with

interest, and, should it confirm the generally-accepted opinion, the victory of the Westinghouse brake will be as signal as it is deserved. In view of these facts, the question naturally arises, Why are our own railway companies so slow to recognize and adopt so important an improvement? to which we suppose the answer must be given, "It won't pay."

In a recent paper on "Anæsthetics," Dr. Prévost states that when the sleep produced by chloroform has continued so long that it is dangerous to administer more chloroform, the anæsthetic state may be safely prolonged by the injection of small quantities of morphine under the skin. It is also said that, if morphine be first injected, a much smaller dose of chloroform suffices to produce insensibility.

Among the special attractions of the coming Geographical Congress at Paris will be an exhibition of the large map of France, executed by staff-officers of the French Army. As originally prepared, it was in sheets, which, when joined together, will form a continuous sheet, or panorama, of immense size. The map will be reduced by a photo-microscopic process.

### Miscellany:

#### NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE select from Mr. Lewes's "On Actors and the Art of Acting" a few paragraphs in regard to his impressions of the drama in Germany:

In the course of a few weeks' ramble in Germany this summer (1887) I had but rare opportunities of ascertaining the present condition of the dramatic art, although during the last thirty years I have from time to time been fortunate enough to see most of the best actors Germany has produced. Now, as of old, there is a real respect for the art, both in the public and in the actors; and at each theatre we see that striving after an *ensemble* so essential to the maintenance of the art, but which everywhere else except at the Théâtre Français is sacrificed to the detestable star system. In Germany we may see actors of the first eminence playing parts which in England and America would be contemptuously rejected by actors of third-rate rank; and the "condescension," so far from lowering the favorite in the eyes of the public, helps to increase his favor. I remember when Emil Devrient, then a young man, came to play *Hamlet* at Berlin, as a "guest," the great tragedian, Seydelmann (the only great tragedian in my opinion that Germany has had during the last quarter of a century), undertook the part of *Polonius*. It was one of those memorable performances which mark an epoch in the playgoer's life. Such a revelation of the character, and such *maestria* of execution, one can hardly hope to see again. Had he played *Laertes* (and he would doubtless have consented to play it had there been any advantage in his doing so), he would still have been the foremost figure of the piece. At any rate he would have been the great actor, and the favorite of the Berliners.

And here it is only fair to add, in extenuation of the English actor's resistance against sacrificing his *amour propre* to the general good, that if he obstinately declines to appear in a part unworthy of his powers or his rank in the profession, he does so because, over and

above the natural dislike of appearing to some disadvantage, he knows in the first place that the English public cares little for an *ensemble*, and in the second place that the majority of the audience will only see him in that unworthy part, and consequently will form an erroneous idea of his capabilities. It is otherwise with the German actor. He knows that the public expects and cares for an *ensemble*, and he desires the general success of the performance, as each individual in an orchestra desires that the orchestral effect should be perfect. He knows, moreover, that the same people who to-night see him in an inferior part saw him last week, or will see him next week, in the very best parts of his repertory. He has, therefore, little to lose and much to gain by playing well an inferior part. Further, his payment is usually regulated by the times of performance.

Be the reasons what they may, the result is that always at a German Hof-Theater one is sure of the very best *ensemble* that the company can present; and one will often receive as much pleasure from the performance of quite insignificant parts as from the leading parts on other stages. The actors are thoroughly trained: they know the principles of their art—a very different thing from knowing "the business!" They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point recklessly disregarded on our stage, namely, elocution. They know how to *speak*—both verse and prose: to speak without mouthing, yet with effective cadence; speech elevated above the tone of conversation without being stilted. How many actors are there on our stage who have learned this? How many are there who suspect the mysterious charm which lies in rhythm, and have mastered its music? How many are there who, with an art which is not apparent except to the very critical ear, can manage the cadences and emphases of prose, so as to be at once perfectly easy, natural, yet incisive and effective? The foreigner, whose ear has been somewhat lacerated by the dreadful intonations of common German speech, is surprised to find how rich and pleasant the language is when spoken on the stage; the truth being that the actors have learned to speak, and are not permitted to call themselves actors at a Hof-Theater until they have conquered those slovenly and discordant intonations which distort the speech of vulgar men. I was made more than ever sensible of this refinement of elocution by having passed some weeks in a retired watering-place wholly inhabited by Germans of the tradesman class, whose voices and intonations so tormented me that I began to think the most hideous sound in Nature was the cackle of half a dozen German women. To hear the women on the stage after that was like hearing singing after a sermon.

Next to excellence of elocution, which forms the basis of good acting, comes the excellence of *mining*—the expression of character. There are three great divisions of mimetic art: first, the ideal and passionate; secondly, the humorous realism of comedy; and lastly, the humorous idealism of farce. In the first and last divisions the German stage seems poorly supplied at present. But in the second division there is much excellence. And I remember this to have been always the case: tragic or poetic actors are rare, their power over the emotions fitful, but comic actors are abundant, though seldom successful in the riotously and fantastically humorous. Now precisely in this division, wherein Germany displays greatest power, England has at all times been most feeble. There has, in-

deed, of late years, arisen a certain ambition on the part of actors, and a demand on the part of certain audiences, which may be said to be leading our drama into the region of humorous realism and high comedy; nor is it without significance that this movement should have been coincident with an almost complete extinction of the passionate and ideal drama; but without making invidious mention of a few exceptions, it is simple justice to say that the efforts of our stage in this direction are but trivial beside the German, and men with us gain a reputation as "natural actors" for mimetic qualities which would be quite ordinary in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, or Weimar.

One excellence noticeable on the German stage is the presentation of character in its individual traits, with just that amount of accentuation which suffices to make it incisive and laughable, yet restrains it from running over into extravagance and unreality.

THE anticipated production of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" on the English stage leads the London *Daily News* into a few suggestive comments on the historical drama:

In producing Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary," Mrs. Bateman, who in coöperation with her late husband has done so much to restore the poetic drama to the theatre, will only continue, as it were, the tradition of the English stage, and add another to the chronicle plays which are, some of them, the finest and almost all among the most "useful" works of Shakespeare. People who know English history only through their Shakespeare know it by no means badly. The poet who outdid all antiquity, and before whom all future time is abashed, was not provided with the modern critical apparatus. He knew nothing of searches in the register-office, the records of Simanca were far out of his way, the pictorial pages of Holinshed and Stowe and Froissart served his turn. To these authorities Shakespeare must have added a wide acquaintance with the oral traditions of the English monarchy, which were no doubt much more lively at his date than in the later centuries. English history before Shakespeare's time was very personal, the wild passions of Plantagenets and Tudors left a deep mark in the popular memory. Kings and queens were great travelers, nowise chary of showing themselves to their people; and their people, having no reading and writing to impair their memories, and being deeply interested in their willful lords and masters, would long retain traits of their character. Any one who should set to work now to write a tragedy on George I.—and though the idea at first seems absurd, there is well-known matter for a tragedy in the story of Sophia Dorothea—would find no help in popular memory. All the breath almost has gone out of oral tradition, and the facts of a new historical drama must be carefully collected from printed histories, from the opinions of the best scholars, and from a critical comparison of facts. It is difficult to give life to an historical play thus painfully and studiously pieced together. Yet if the English stage is ever to resume its old functions of teaching to the people the people's history, it is by the critical method that the historian must work. This is the great disadvantage that Mr. Tennyson has had to struggle with, and has encountered, it may be said, with no dubious success. Our generation, which is nothing if not critical, has done good work in historical criticism. Old tales are weighed,

and found wanting; estimates of character change; much of the romance that was current in Shakespeare's time has been proved to be of a mythological quality. The fact remains that Shakespeare's science of life and sense of character, his instinct, and his insight, enabled him to present Richard II., Henry IV., and the rest, as people so living and so natural that they will always be, to the popular mind, what Shakespeare made them. With his power almost of divination, he created them so like what the most critical research proves them to have been that he and learned history teach the same lesson, and he, of course, far more persuasively and effectually.

Mr. Tennyson's new play, like the historical plays of Shakespeare, brings the life of our ancestors before the eyes of the spectator. It takes up the chronicle where Shakespeare left it broken, it passes from Henry VIII. into the chaos to which Henry led the English people. It was a chaos of opinions, of doubts, and fears, and of desires, a time in which no man knew what faith was safest to hold, what authority could claim respect, whether king or pope had to speak the last word about religion, when none could well call his lands his own, or his soul his own; when England was in danger of becoming a geographical expression under the power of Spain, when wild visionaries were crying that all things should be in common, and all authorities swept away, when bigotry and the new learning were in their fiercest struggle. This tumultuous time is the background of Mr. Tennyson's tragedy. In his play the murmurs of the street come to us, and the babble of the market-place; we can faintly see the beginnings of a defined faith, the faith, namely, in England and in freedom of judgment, lit in the hearts of the people by a spark from the pile of Cranmer. The great personages that cross the stage—Mary, drawn as only a great poet, who can pardon all because he understands all, could draw her; Philip, the sensual and heartless; Pole, the renegade of learning; Lord Howard, the liberal Catholic (if the anachronism is permissible) of that date—have their own web of fate to weave and tangle. It is something to teach, through the stage, that the best hated of English women was after all a woman, with courage, love, maternal hope in her nature. It is much to bring within the knowledge and before the eyes of Englishmen that she had claims to pity as well as scorn; that her fate was most miserable, even if hardly tragical. None of the criticism through which Mr. Tennyson's play has had to run the gantlet but admits that he has caught the spirit and the confused color of the years whose history he deals with. But it may be doubted whether his chief characters are so involved in tragical relations of love and jealousy, hope and fear, as these unseen actors, the people of England, who are blindly and bravely working out their destiny behind the scenes. It is from a word or two dropped here and there, from the voice of the Anabaptist preacher, from the grumbling of Pole at men and women who crowd into the fires, "for what? no dogma," that we learn how the fires were becoming a beacon in the darkness of these days, how England was solving her problem by silent resistance to all foreign force in politics and religion. This blind movement toward light, a movement felt to underlie the action of the play, raises "Queen Mary" high in the ranks of the drama. It is easy to guess some of the opportunities it gives to the players, how much might be made of the queen, as her life "narrows and darkens down," and what kingly

majesty may ring half true in Philip's declamation of the names of his dominions. It is pleasant to think that the play only continues an old and noble work, the dramatic exposition of that history which is to us what the tales of Thebes and Argos were to the tragedians of Hellas. Mr. Tennyson has certainly followed the advice of Aristotle, and altered nothing; while he has made many things clear in the poem that takes up again the task of Shakespeare. There is much hope for the stage in the production of a play by the poet who has touched England more universally and more intimately than any singer of our generation.

Our readers will recall a recent extract from a charming paper on "Peasant-Life in North Italy." The subjoined from the same article gives a highly-graphic description of a church-festival among the people of the Apennines:

It is Sunday, and the great *fiesta* of San Giovanni Baptist. The church and the piazza since break of day have been well stocked with men and women in holiday costume, and the bells ring and jangle as of old. Since four o'clock the two priests have been hard at work at the altar, taking it by turns, with the masses. The air of the chancel, and even of the nave, is by this time faint and heavy with incense. The organ peals out quiet snatches of waltz and opera tunes. The congregation changes rapidly, for each service the church is more or less crowded, and when the hour for the preaching draws nigh, a new influx pours in from the piazza and from the roads and hamlets around. The people, who have been hushed and devout during the first part of the high mass, now begin to shift and shuffle in their seats, and there is a great whispering, and a sound even of suppressed laughter, while the priest ascends the little steps of the marble pulpit. Men lounge about the building, standing in groups around the door, crouching on the steps of the organ-loft, or even of the chancel, close packed, and careless in their attitudes, but absorbed and intent, as no more genteel congregation would have been, when once the preacher's voice has had time to assert its power. The sermon is in the dialect of the valleys—short, concise, and pithy; matter-of-fact and plain spoken too, with none of the trimmings and sentimentalities of religion, yet breathing of courtesy and neighborly care for the people's interest. How silent they sit, and how teachable these men and women are, who without upon the piazza, or in their cottages, are apt to treat their pastor but as one of themselves, to fall or to stand according to his pluck and his cunning in the wisdom of the world! Even that kindly and terrible Caterina, beneath whose iron rod he is wont to pass his days, sits now beneath his pulpit as though willing to hearken to the advice of her own slave. So with masses and sermon passes the morning of the great day, and in the afternoon is the procession. The peasants trudge home in their various directions across the parish to eat their holiday dinners, and by three o'clock the little piazza is again thronged with loiterers waiting for vespers. Little booths and tables stand about, whereon are sweets and fliberts displayed for sale; rosaries and gay-colored clay figures of saints; crosses and amulets to be worn around the neck; rings of the Virgin or the patron saint. Groups of people stand around laughing, boys and girls, men and children; it is a gay and changing crowd, bright with sunny

colors, and glittering in movement. There is a great glaring sun, and the piazza is but little shaded by the tall cypresses which grow there, yet the people do not seem to mind. The women, it is true, have covered their heads with their yellow and crimson kerchiefs, but the men seem strangely careless of the sun's might. All along the way down which the procession is to pass many-colored trappings are hung along the hedges—scarlet and green and blue stuffs of the peasants perhaps, or else things belonging to the church, and used for many a long year on similar occasions. They make a rare and gaudy effect; and down the steps of the church and across its piazza the women have spread white sheeting, spun and woven by their own hands—for the girls work hard at this coarser kind of linen weaving in our Apennine valleys, and in the most industrious cottages the loom is scarcely silent all day. Flowers, too—sweet and scattered petals of golden bloom of vetch and cistus—are strewn over the white carpeting, while fies of children hem the way to scatter more blossoms again when the procession shall pass. The bells begin to tinkle anew; and now a fair company of white-veiled damsels issue forth. They bear lighted tapers in their hands, and around their gayly-adorned figures the *pesotto* (or muslin veil of the country) is cunningly draped. One girl in the front—and it is the tall and strong-limbed Bianca, ever the first to assert herself—carries the great silver-mounted cross. Behind, and in due order, follow more girls, then the older women, and after the women the men, among whom many wondrous and time-honored figures, crosses, and banners, are also borne aloft above the heads of the people. In their midst are the priests, who move along, chanting slowly, beneath a fringed and gilded canopy. And the people sing, and the bells chime, and the children scream when the pop-guns are fired off. So the procession comes to an end, and soon after the day comes to an end, too—only before the night is quite there, the youths and maidens must meet upon the green that they may dance awhile to the sound of the fiddles, and then the *fiesta* is fairly over in truth. It has been a long day, and the people are almost weary with the unwonted pleasure-making.

AFTER reading the subjoined, the reader, if he is also an author, will have good reason to hope that critics are as liable to render wrong judgments to-day as they were two hundred years ago:

It must not be supposed that any special regard for the poet's intentions saved "Othello" from molestation at the hands of the playwrights. "A Short View of Tragedy, its Original Excellence and Corruption, with some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage," written by one Mr. Rymer, servant to their majesties, and published in 1693, clearly exhibits the extremely contemptuous feeling entertained for the poet at that date. Mr. Rymer was enamored of classical example, and found great satisfaction in the severity of form lately adopted by the dramatists of France; notably in regard to their addition of a chorus to their tragedies, deeming that a very hopeful sign. Naturally he found much to condemn in Shakespeare; and he did not hesitate to express his opinion. He held that Shakespeare had altered the story from the original of Giraldi Cinthio in several particulars, and always for the worse. The moral he derides, as simply a warning to wives to take better care of their linen; and to hus-



bands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical. He proceeds: "Shakespeare in this play calls them the super-subtle Venetians. Yet examine throughout this tragedy, there is nothing in the noble *Desdemona* that is not below any country chambermaid with us. And the account he gives of their noblemen and senate can only be calculated for the latitude of Gotham. The character of that state is to employ strangers in their wars. But shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakespeare would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab or small-coal wench; Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord or privy counselor. . . . So much ado, so much stress, so much passion and repetition about a handkerchief! Why was not this called the 'Tragedy of the Handkerchief?'" he demands. There is much more criticism to the same effect. The catastrophe he finds to be "nothing but blood and butchery, described in the style of the last speeches and confessions of the persons executed at Tyburn." He concludes: "There is in this play some burlesque, some humor, and ramble of comic wit, some show and some mimicry to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is plainly none other than a brutal farce without salt or savor."

THE *Saturday Review* has something fresh to say about scruples:

There are some things of which we should have neither too much nor too little, and among these are scruples. Unscrupulous is a term of just reproach; the unscrupulous man is dangerous in whatever capacity we have to deal with him, but the man of scruples is not therefore desirable as such. He may be eligible and deserving, but we should like him better without his scruples, for nothing is a graver barrier in social matters than obtrusive scruples which we do not share. Scruples are essentially private things; when two people agree together in an objection or an opinion, we view it in another light, and probably call it something else. Scruples represent private judgment exercising itself in small matters; that is, they appear small to common-sense or to prevalent public opinion, though they are large and predominant to the scrupulous mind. Not that scruples are independent of the prevailing tone of thought in the world, but they are the means by which some persons take their share in it, and they constitute the originality of a certain class of intellect—they furnish an opportunity for that self-assertion which is a natural object with thinkers of every class and grade.

Of course virtue has scruples. The minor duties of morality have, we may say, an equal obligation with the weightier matters of the law; but in one case public opinion is accepted as exponent and interpreter, while the scrupulous conscience owns no law but itself, and sees no farther than the letter. Honesty of the straightforward, social sort agrees that it is a sin to steal a pin, but it does as it would be done by; and, holding itself justified by general usage, it takes the pin on an emergency and does not call it stealing. The scrupulous person goes pinless at the cost of being a less competent and efficient member of the body politic, but is not the less confident and satisfied. The scruples which fairly bear the character of scrupulosity are those which warp

the judgment and obscure the perception of the relative importance of things. The man who is governed by them may be a guide to himself, but he is no guide for others; his conscience and his reason are not on sufficiently good terms. And it may be observed that nobody can be scrupulous all round; a pet scruple often makes a clean sweep of collateral obligations. The scrupulous temper is liable to large and eccentric omissions where the conscience is off its guard. People cannot act as members of a family or a community whose notions of private duty cover all their view and engross their attention. We live in this world in many capacities, all imposing moral duties, of which common-sense has to adjust the claims where they seem conflicting; but common-sense, even candid and unselfish common-sense, is despised and abhorred by the mind possessed by a scruple, or regulating itself by a code of scruples. The duties that cannot be reconciled, or will not fit in, are set aside—overlooked as not of obligation. We know of a clergyman who had a scruple against reading any of the words in *italics* which occurred in the Lessons for the Day. He simply passed them over as not dictated by inspiration. It was indifferent to him that he made nonsense of the Word of God, which it was his office to set forth; he saw one side of his duty so very plainly that he saw nothing else, and we need not say was utterly unpersuadable. Nor need scruples be of this absurd type to show an equal want of grasp of the leading idea. It would appear that the capacity for a large general view is never found in conjunction with this microscopic activity of conscience. All scruples are conscientious, and carry with them a sort of religious obligation. But it depends on the character how deep this goes. Many people scruple to play a rubber who will plunge into reckless speculation without a twinge. It was a conscientious scruple which induced Pepys, on receiving a letter and discerning money in it, to empty the letter before he read it, "that I might say I saw no money in the paper;" and this is only a type of the action of a great many scrupulous persons who desire to profit

by the consequences of a certain course of action without incurring the responsibility of it. And, short of this, scruples constantly stand in the way of an honest perception of right by stopping at the letter. A mind given to small scruples has the judgment in leading-strings, and often misses the flash of truth amid the minute questions which occupy it. Perhaps the most common form of hypocrisy is this self-deception.

SWINBURNE opens his papers, entitled "The Three Stages of Shakespeare," with the subjoined fine passage:

The first of living poets has drawn a parallel of elaborate eloquence between Shakespeare and the sea; and the likeness holds good in many points of less significance than those which have been set down by the master-hand. For two hundred years at least have students of every kind put forth in every sort of boat on a longer or a shorter voyage of research across the waters of that unbounded sea. From the paltriest fishing-craft to such majestic galleys as were steered by Coleridge and by Goethe, each division of the fleet has done or has essayed its turn of work; some busied in dredging along-shore, some taking surveys of this or that gulf or headland, some putting forth through shine and shadow into the darkness of the great deep. Nor does it seem as if there would sooner be an end to men's labor on this than on the other sea. But here a difference is perceptible. The material ocean has been so far mastered by the wisdom and the heroism of man that we may look for a time to come when the mystery shall be manifest of its farthest north and south, and men resolve the secret of the uttermost parts of the sea; the poles, also, may find their Columbus. But the limits of that other ocean, the laws of its tides, the motive of its forces, the mystery of its unity, and the secret of its change, no seafarer of us all may ever think thoroughly to know. No wind-gauge will help us to the science of its storms, no lead-line sound for us the depth of its divine and terrible serenity.

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